

The Listener

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Her Majesty the Queen is now visiting Canada and the United States. This photograph shows the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Ottawa

Trade as the Soviet Union Sees It

By Andrew Shonfield

My Parents and Grandparents

By Leonard Woolf

Poet's Novels

By Karl Miller

This Age of Magnetism

By O. R. Frisch

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Mr. Khrushchev Gives a Little More Time

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

FOR the first four weeks or so there were no special difficulties at Geneva. The discussions went on in a courteous and an even tone, and there was a marked absence of the sort of propaganda speeches that Mr. Molotov and Mr. Vyshinsky used to make in the old days. It was actually possible to hope that some kind of agreement would eventually emerge, not a great new treaty or some dramatic understanding, but the sort of agreement that would keep life going in Berlin in much the same way as now until a more lasting settlement is finally reached.

The fact that the Western Foreign Ministers were actually discussing the future of West Berlin as a separate international issue did represent a big concession to the Russian point of view. It was the Russians who had turned the issue of Berlin into a great international crisis, and who hoped to keep the Western Powers at a disadvantage by isolating it from all the other problems to which it is so closely related. The Western case is that Berlin is a serious problem only because Germany is artificially divided, and that was why they always said they wanted to consider the future of the city in the general context of the future of Germany. It was for that reason that the Western peace plan, presented in the early days of the conference and soon submerged under a flood of speeches and counter-proposals, presented the problem of Berlin as a part of the wider problem of German reunification and European security, and foreshadowed a series of interrelated solutions.

These talks on an interim settlement for West Berlin seemed to be going reasonably well, with the Western Foreign Ministers plainly willing to make a number of valuable concessions to the

Soviet point of view so long as their fundamental right to stay in West Berlin and to have free access to the city was unaffected. Then, suddenly, the picture changed. Mr. Gromyko unexpectedly tabled a proposal that seemed to be altogether unrelated to all the discussions that had taken place during the preceding fortnight. He repeated what Mr. Khrushchev had said in a speech a day or two earlier, that the occupation regime in West Berlin was altogether unacceptable to the Soviet Government, and since the Western position in West Berlin turns on the maintenance of the occupation regime, if not explicitly, then at least implicitly, it was clearly something that the Western Foreign Ministers could not possibly discuss in Mr. Khrushchev's terms, especially as Mr. Gromyko attached a time limit to his proposal. It was this that gave his speech the character of a threat and that was so much resented in the Western delegations. The inference was that Mr. Gromyko had had new instructions from his Government, instructions to be rather more uncompromising.

That brings us to the question why Mr. Khrushchev should have intervened in this particular way. The simplest answer is that Mr. Khrushchev really wanted this conference to end in failure, while taking care at the same time that the failure was not of such a character as to make it impossible to agree upon a conference of Heads of Government. Mr. Khrushchev did tell Mr. Selwyn Lloyd when he saw him at a reception in the British Embassy in Moscow two or three months ago that he had no very high opinion of Foreign Ministers, that it seemed to him that they hardly ever did anything really useful, and that therefore a conference of Foreign Ministers would be a waste of time; still, if the Western Powers wanted one, they could

have it. The thing that matters in Mr. Khrushchev's view is a meeting of Heads of Government, since only Heads of Government have the necessary power and authority to make agreements. And it is possible that when Mr. Khrushchev suddenly realized that the Geneva Conference was actually on the brink of success, an event that would have proved him wrong in his views about Foreign Ministers, he sent instructions to Mr. Gromyko to be a little tougher and more rigid. This is a simple explanation, but perhaps a shade too plausible to be acceptable.

It is also possible that Mr. Khrushchev realized that if he blew hot and cold he might perhaps succeed in widening the area of disagreement within the Western world, and in this connexion it seems only too likely that Mr. Khrushchev has derived considerable encouragement from recent events in the Western capitals. First, there is the crisis within the Atlantic Alliance for which General de Gaulle is responsible. At the very moment when allied firmness in the face of Russian pressure against West Berlin is of such cardinal importance General de Gaulle has chosen to undermine it by refusing to allow the stockpiling of nuclear warheads on French soil. It is impossible to see how the repeated French insistence upon standing firm in the face of

Russian demands can be reconciled with this action by General de Gaulle. It is a slippery and synthetic kind of firmness that could perhaps drive Mr. Khrushchev to the disastrous conclusion that the Western Powers are bluffing after all. Then there is the crisis in Germany caused by the sudden decision of Dr. Adenauer to retain office as Chancellor and not to seek election as President of the Republic. Finally, there were the rumours about the forthcoming transfer of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd from the Foreign Office.

It all gives an air of indecision and fumbling. And when you add all this to the obvious differences of opinion that had arisen over Western policy towards the Soviet Union during the past six months or so, perhaps it may have encouraged Mr. Khrushchev to assume that a little more effort here and there would help to turn events steadily in the Soviet Union's favour. For what he has already achieved in Geneva is fairly substantial. The mere presence of the East German representatives in the conference room implies some form of recognition for which the Russians have been pressing for so long. Mr. Khrushchev has got it without giving anything at all in return. No, perhaps that is going too far. What he has done is to extend his ultimatum about West Berlin. He has given us a little more time.

— *From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

General de Gaulle and French Labour

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

AT the end of last week* it looked as though France was on the brink of the first real show-down between the Government and the trade unions since General de Gaulle came to power a little over a year ago. The order for a series of token strikes had been confirmed by the three main railway unions; and the Prime Minister, M. Debré, had made it clear that the Government intended to use to the full its powers to requisition the services of the men, anything up to 200,000 of them, required to keep the railways going. The penalties for disobeying the requisition order, it was announced, could be one or all of the following: imprisonment, a fine, dismissal. But on Monday the men's leaders called the whole thing off. They did so after they had had a further meeting with the Minister of Transport and Public Works, M. Buron. They had previously told him of their readiness to do this if the Government would agree to continue negotiations about the various wage talks at issue.

Government's Concession to Railwaymen

At the meeting itself, M. Buron said that the Government would not object to reviewing salaries between November and December next, if economic conditions then justified this. That was a concession, if a rather minor one, for the Government had maintained until then that there could be no question of reviewing wages until next year. (The Minister also gave assurances about various allowances and bonuses.) Having heard all this, the union leaders went away to consider their position, and they then announced that the strike was off. In doing so they said that the decisions of the Government were not of a kind to remove the causes of the conflict dividing the railwaymen and the public authorities. They also protested against what they called 'the exceptional measures' prepared by the Government against the trade union movement, notably the requisition order. That, they said, was a serious attack on the right to strike. They also muttered something about holding a meeting last Thursday to consider a new form of action, and they did indeed meet on that day, but by all accounts nothing much came of it. However that may be, in what is bound to be a continuing contest, this first round has gone to the Government; for while blandly admitting in principle the railwaymen's right to strike, M. Debré left no doubt that he would throw the whole weight of government authority and power against a strike on this occasion.

At this point it is only fair to recall that as far back as the autumn of 1957, the Government of the day, led by M. Gaillard,

recognized that there was a 20 per cent. gap between wages paid in private industry and those lower ones received by the railwaymen and other state employees. At the beginning of last year an increase to lessen the gap was granted. But nothing had been done since, and consequently the railwaymen have become steadily more restive, and other state employees with them. Furthermore, there has been a good deal of financial and economic 'pep'-talking on the part of certain Ministers lately. In fact, during his recent visit to the States, M. Pinay, the Finance Minister, was even reported as having said that France might soon be lending instead of borrowing money. The fact that the Minister even dared that kind of joke surely, people felt, had some significance. However, when it came to talks with the unions, M. Debré's main argument was that the country simply could not afford to satisfy their claims at the moment. It is certainly true that if he had attempted to do so there would immediately have been similar claims from the other state employees, who number about 800,000. There was also the virtual certainty that the inevitable increase in the cost of living from the wage increases given to the state employees would have led to fresh claims from workers in private industry. On the other hand, left-wing opinion—including that of the Socialists—has all along been that the whole of the Government's economic and financial policy favours the rich at the expense of the poor.

Call to Unions' Pride

One thing that really galled the unions' pride was the Prime Minister's broadcast charge that the threatened strike was really political rather than economic. That charge could not have been more true where the Communist-led C.G.T. was concerned, though they screamed loudest of all. But the other two unions concerned—the C.F.T.C., or Christian Union, and the Socialist C.G.T.F.O.—did not give close observers the impression of playing at politics but merely of trying to get what was their due. It is as well that the clash has, for the time being at all events, been averted, for if the strike had succeeded it would have meant a dangerous loss of face for General de Gaulle—something that he, of all people, cannot afford, since his authority depends upon his prestige. If the strike had failed, it might have done so only after some ugly incidents, leaving the unions not only humiliated but angry. As it is, the fight is still on, but for the moment it is with gloves, not knuckle-dusters.

— *From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

'Neutrality' in South-East Asia

By STANLEY MAYES

FIVE years ago the representatives of Britain, France, the United States, the Soviet Union and Communist China met at Geneva to discuss the reunification of Korea and an end to the war in Indo-China. The result

was that Korea remained divided; hostilities ended in Indo-China; two of its component territories, Laos and Cambodia, had their political integrity and independence guaranteed; while the third, Viet-Nam, where most of the fighting had taken place, was itself partitioned between Communist and Nationalist forces. India, in view of her desire to remain neutral in the clash between East and West, was invited to become Chairman of the International Control Commission that was set up to supervise the Agreements on Indo-China.

It is also just five years since India and China concluded an agreement on trade and transit through Tibet. In the preamble to this agreement the two giants that had for centuries exerted such a profound influence over south-east Asia proclaimed their adherence to five principles: mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty; non-aggression; non-interference in each other's internal affairs; equality and mutual benefit; and peaceful coexistence.

The events of that summer five years ago have a particular significance when we come to consider the question of neutrality in south-east Asia. The world then seemed divided into two irreconcilable camps. Korea and Viet-Nam had almost started a third world war. To a country like India, newly independent and anxious to play a part in world affairs commensurate with her size, yet not having the military potential to make her a Great Power, there was much attraction in the idea of becoming the leader of a Third Force that would derive its strength from moral authority. Since the outbreak of the Korean war in 1950 Mr. Nehru had seen himself more and more in the role of a mediator. But while

India aimed at holding the balance between East and West as a neutral, she also felt the need to be a counterpoise herself to the other Asian giant, Communist China. So the Sino-Indian agreement of April 1954, with its emphasis on the five basic

principles of mutual respect, non-aggression, non-interference, mutual benefit, and peaceful coexistence, appeared to establish a *modus vivendi* between Communist China and neutralist India. It also marked India's acceptance of the Chinese invasion of Tibet, which had shocked and antagonized her four years before.

As the smaller countries of south-east Asia became independent, they had to make a choice. Either they could throw in their lot with the West or they could align themselves with the Eastern bloc or they could hope, for a variety of moral and material reasons, to get the best of both worlds. When Burma gained her independence in 1948 she chose to leave the British Commonwealth. One of her reasons was to put a greater distance between herself and India, which she felt had always overshadowed her under British rule. But almost immediately Burma found herself with two Communist insurrections on her hands. Therefore, while she recognized the Chinese Communist regime in 1950, she was perfectly well aware of the Communist danger which she was fighting on her own soil. Burma supported United Nations action against

North Korea but she did not join in the resolution naming Communist China as the aggressor. These policies were dictated by her belief in the old Burmese proverb that, when two buffaloes fight, the ground between them gets trodden on. Only for Burma the two buffaloes that she thought might trample her out of existence were India and China, rather than the Eastern and Western blocs.

Today Burma is still officially neutral, though her traditional fear of India has abated and she has perhaps had time and cause to regret severing her links with the Com-



Mr. Chou En-lai (left), Chinese Prime Minister, being greeted by Mr. Nehru on his arrival in India in June 1954, soon after the signing of the Sino-Indian agreement



President Sukarno of Indonesia (waving) driving through Peking with Mao Tse-tung, Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic, in 1956

monwealth. Malaya, for example, is no less independent than Burma. She has had to fight an even worse Communist insurrection. But independence came to her with fewer pangs and less bitterness than it did to Burma. The two countries, both with similar experience of British colonial rule, are today a great contrast. And in part, at least, Malaya's steady progress and her increasing prosperity are due to her decision not to be paralysed into inaction by the myth of neutrality.

Indonesia's reaction against colonial rule was much more violent than Burma's. It was anti-colonialism in the first place that prompted her to a policy of non-alignment with the Eastern and Western blocs and support for the principle of solidarity among Asian and African states on every possible occasion. It was natural, therefore, that Indonesia should sponsor the Afro-Asian Conference which met in Bandung in April 1955. But while the West was wholly excluded from this new alignment, Communist China dominated it. It is true that countries like Ceylon and Iraq said some forthright things about Communist subversion and Communist aggression in the presence of the Chinese Communists. But the five principles of the Sino-Indian agreement enunciated the year before were now reaffirmed by the twenty-nine nations at Bandung. India's moral authority appeared to be enhanced and she bought time for her vast development plans. China had the satisfaction of seeing Indonesia at least, if not other south-east Asian countries, lulled into a false sense of security.

A year later, in 1956, President Sukarno went on a world tour that ended with visits to the Soviet Union and Communist China. When he returned, he advocated a new policy for Indonesia. His view, broadly speaking, was that freedom from want, to which he claimed the Communist world gave priority, was more important than freedom of expression, to which the West gave priority. The people, according to Dr. Sukarno, needed to be 'organized, guided and taught from above', because much better results had been achieved in the Soviet Union that way. Since then 'liberalism' has become a dirty word in Indonesia, 'guided democracy' has struck at the roots of all popular support for the regime, and the Communist vote has grown enormously. As it became clear that the President was falling more and more under the influence of the Communist party, the other parties—in particular the powerful Muslim party, the Masjumi—strongly criticized the Government for abandoning Indonesia's professed neutrality and independence.

In Indo-China neutrality, not 'neutrality', was imposed by the Geneva Agreements. That is to say, each of the four governments concerned undertook not to enter military alliances. Today North Viet-Nam is an appendage of Communist China. South Viet-Nam is firmly in the Western camp, but none the less independent. Laos, a small Buddhist country with no residue of resentment against her former French masters, subscribes to the five principles of coexistence, but knows that she depends for her security on the free world. Ideologically, she has said, she cannot be neutral; she must always be on the watch against Communist subversion and Communist aggression. Indeed she has good reason: in 1953 and 1954 Laos was invaded by Communist forces from North Viet-Nam, which cut the country in two. Even at the beginning of this year there was another incursion by North Viet-Nameese troops. Since then Peking and Hanoi have launched a fierce propaganda campaign against Laos, accusing her of breaking the Geneva agreement.

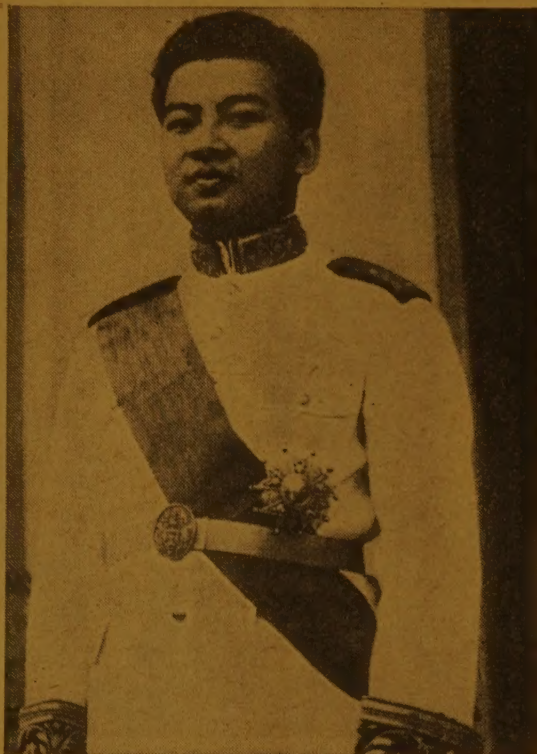
Only the Government of Cambodia, of the four territories that were formerly Indo-China, follows a deliberately 'neutralist' line. This has put a great strain on Cambodia's relations with her

neighbours, Thailand and South Viet-Nam. They believe that Prince Sihanouk, the former King of Cambodia who abdicated in order to become Prime Minister, is wittingly or unwittingly opening the door to Communism. But Sihanouk maintains that Communism is an alien growth in Cambodia, only brought in by the North Viet-Nameese and now in decline. The Prince is prepared to accept economic aid from any source, provided there are no obvious strings attached, and currently Cambodia is receiving aid from more sources, both Eastern and Western, than any other country in south-east Asia. The Prime Minister has also admitted that the aid Cambodia gets from the United States is more important than that from China.

'Neutrality' clearly is a very different concept in each of the countries we have been considering. For India, because of her size and because of the moral significance she attached to being neutral, there was a possibility once that the movement might gather strength. But India's standing as a 'neutral' was weakened by her own special relationship with China, which was formally recognized by the Sino-Indian agreement of 1954. Now the new Chinese invasion of Tibet and the embarrassed silences of Mr. Nehru have shown once again how 'coexistence' can be used to paralyse the will of those who might be expected to defend a small neighbouring country against aggression.

In Burma 'neutrality' was due as much as anything to reaction against India. Yet it has not helped her to become stronger. Now indeed, with the Communist occupation of Tibet, Burma finds herself even more obviously in the path of an expansionist China moving west towards India. In Indonesia 'neutrality' has made the task of the Communists much easier, and a great part of their effort is concentrated on exploiting the difficulties of the Government and promoting economic chaos. It is only in Cambodia that Prince Sihanouk seems—for the time being, at any rate—to make 'neutrality' pay.

The effective answer to the question 'Can neutrality be a Third Force in south-east Asia?' was given by the Chinese Communist Youth Journal itself on August 9, 1957. It said then—and this is official doctrine for the youth of China—'We believe that, as far as the direction of our youth's political ideology is concerned, there is either the Communist course or the capitalist course. . . . In the domain of politics and ideology, it is either the east wind getting the upper hand of the west wind, or *vice versa*. Peaceful coexistence and mutual non-interference are impossible'. That is the doctrine preached by Chinese Communist literature to the youth of China. There can be no better argument against 'neutrality' than that.—*European Services*



Prince Sihanouk, Prime Minister of Cambodia, who 'seems—for the time being, at any rate—to make "neutrality" pay'

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Trade as the Soviet Union Sees It

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

ONE of the big differences that one notices coming to Poland from Russia is the attitude towards foreigners and foreign trade. In Russia trade is the subject of a great deal of political ballyhoo, because Russians genuinely believe that aggressive instincts of capitalist countries may be curbed by giving them a certain amount of export business: like giving a dog a bone, as one Communist put it to me, so that the animal is too busy to bite you. But as a strictly commercial proposition the Russians never give it supreme importance. The Poles do. They know that they must sell a lot more goods abroad if they are to buy the things that they need; and their Government is now aiming in the new seven-year plan to increase the volume of its exports by one half. The Polish authorities realize that this is going to be difficult, and they have deliberately set about trying to change the attitudes of managers and workers towards the problem of meeting the foreign consumer's needs.

The Selling Job

On the Russian side the quite different attitude towards the foreigner was best summed up for me by Mr. Mikoyan himself. Asked how the Russians proposed to earn enough money to pay for all the machinery and equipment which they now want to buy from Britain, he said: 'You just tell us what you need and we'll supply it to you'. It became clear in the course of further conversation that even he, with all his experience of Western commerce, had not really grasped the fact that there is a selling job to be done in order to persuade Western customers to take Russian goods; and that we do not 'need' anything from them in the sense that they now need our machinery. Our only motive for buying more Soviet goods would be convenience or price. And those are precisely the grounds on which Russians do not trade. Their idea is to use foreign supplies solely as a means of making good shortages or filling in occasional gaps in technology. The Soviet official in charge of trade with the West told me flatly: 'We would never think of buying goods abroad simply because they were made more cheaply than we make them at home'.

This is a crucial fact, I think, in any assessment of the long-term potentialities of Anglo-Soviet trade. The new agreement should allow for a substantial increase in British exports over the next couple of years. That might make the Soviet market about as important to Britain as one of the good west-European markets like, say, Holland or West Germany today. But we shall be misleading ourselves, I believe, if we think that we can secure a permanent foothold in the Russian market, as we have in the Dutch and German markets, simply by offering our goods at competitive prices. Once the Russians have the productive capacity to make these goods our exports of them will automatically cease, whatever we do to make our prices more competitive.

Of course, that is just the kind of policy that many manufacturers in capitalist countries would like their governments to adopt towards foreign competition. And not the capitalists only: our trade unions have never shown enthusiasm for allowing cheap foreign goods into the country on the ground that the cost of production is lower abroad, and so we would be better off making something else. If Russia had a Lancashire, there would be no nonsense about letting in imports of cheap Indian textiles.

Theirs is altogether a more secure and comfortable way of life. It goes, incidentally, with a number of other attitudes towards job security, which are strikingly different from our own ways of thinking in the West. Although it is true that the Soviet worker has none of the elementary rights to organize with his fellows against the management, he has all sorts of other rights, which are unknown in our society, to hold on to his job. It is almost as if the job under the Soviet system were treated as a piece of property is under our system. A man has to abuse his property a great deal and cause a lot of nuisance to the rest of the community, before the public authorities get to the point of denying

him the right to use it. He may be fined and punished for making a nuisance of himself, but it is only in the extreme case that he loses his rights. In Soviet Russia industrial indiscipline brings down all sorts of penalties on the worker's head. But it seems to be extraordinarily difficult to give any employee the sack—unless he has been guilty of really serious misbehaviour and also has had several official warnings in advance. Even so, his right of appeal can be exercised against the management, and the management does not always win. It is at this point that the Russian trade unions represent real power on the worker's side.

What all this illustrates is that the very notion of a job insecurity, which is implied by the traditional capitalist doctrine of being guided by comparative costs in a free market, is alien to the Russians. Of course, capitalist practice, too, often deviates widely from the pure ideology of the market place. But the market is rarely ignored altogether.

The Soviet principle really means that the Russians deliberately deny themselves many of the benefits of the international division of labour. They refuse to take advantage of low cost production abroad, and insist on home produced goods even if they are much more costly to make. In other words, they waste their resources; and that means that the standard of living of their people is lower than it need be. It does not seem to strike them to plan on the basis that they might benefit by refraining from making certain cheap textiles, for example, buying them from the Indians instead, and make extra steel which the Indians would buy from them.

I asked the people in the Ministry of Foreign Trade in Moscow if this did not show up a weakness in their economic policy. But I could not get any rise out of them. Indeed, they explained blandly that even if they wanted to trade on the capitalist basis of comparing costs of production they would not be able to do so, because their own domestic costs could not be measured at all against foreign standards. This was a startling admission. Their point was that the prices of all their goods and services are fixed by the state, sometimes below and sometimes well above the cost of production, in relation to the social and economic aims of the Soviet Government. It was impossible to find an appropriate rate of exchange between the rouble and the pound which would truly compare the cost of making motor-cars in Birmingham and in the big motor works at Moscow. And things are no better inside the Soviet bloc: I was assured that there is no standard rate of exchange even between the rouble and the Polish zloty, which both sides accept as a genuine reflection of prices and costs in the two countries; they cannot really tell which of them produces any goods more cheaply.

One consequence of all this, the Russian officials said, is that the very notion of 'dumping' is meaningless in relation to Soviet trade.

Anxious Discussion in Warsaw

It seems to me that the Russians can adopt this rather aloof attitude towards the problem of comparative costs only because foreign trade is such an infinitesimal part of their total economic effort. They can afford to sell goods abroad below their cost of production because they export so little. But this is not true of Poland. And that is perhaps one of the reasons why there is so much anxious discussion going on in Warsaw at the moment about the problem of the proper way of fixing prices. They do not want to be ruled by the market but, on the other hand, they dare not ignore it. So far, they have relied on information about prices in the capitalist world as a guide to their own true costs. Indeed there seems to be general agreement among Soviet economists about one thing—that if the capitalist system did not exist the Communists would have to invent it.—*An expanded version of a talk originally broadcast in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)*

The Listener

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Seasonable Contrasts

THIS is the season of the year when we in Britain begin to be honoured by visitors from our powerful English-speaking neighbour across the Herring Pond, and it is always fascinating to reflect upon the impressions of those who come here for the first time. That brilliant journalist, Alistair Cooke, reports (in a talk which is published on another page) upon the reactions of American friends who recently drove with him from London as far as Cornwall. They were surprised that in our tight little island, which, in spite of the material deprivations suffered in two world wars and the gradual loss of empire, maintains an edifice of industrial prosperity and full employment, there are still to be found great expanses of parkland or agricultural country, reminding them—in south-west England at any rate—of a perpetual golf course. The truth is that since time immemorial, and in particular since the so-called Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century, Britain has been a land of contrasts—the fundamental contrast being between the highland zone and the lowland plains; but also one recalls such differing pictures as the slag heaps of south Wales and the loveliness of the Three-Cathedrals country, the pitted wastelands of Lancashire and the gentle plain of Cheshire, the moorlands of Yorkshire and its dimmer clothing towns. It is no doubt these striking contrasts within a comparatively narrow area—a mere air hop from top to bottom of the map—that astonish an American newcomer. For after all, equal contrasts can be noted in his own country—or continent—between, for example, the delights of the New England coastline and the unchangeable monotony of the Middle Western prairie.

Apart from the question of scenery, what does the casual American visitor notice? The traveller, like the army, marches on his stomach. Americans have long ago discovered that we like our beer warm and our cocktails far from dry. British coffee is a gamble. Only one or two advanced restaurants are known habitually to serve iced water. According to Alistair Cooke, his American friends said that our favourite entrée is *contrefilet* of bedroom slipper. Again, there is the other side of the story. Recent British visitors to the United States complain that everything on the American table comes out of the deep freeze and tastes precisely the same. American tea usually tastes like hot water, while the cocktail is designed to lay you on the floor after two gulps. Perhaps an impartial judge would be of the opinion that gastronomy is not one of the greatest arts of the English-speaking peoples. But no doubt in the eyes of the loving son everything mother cooks is lovely, including pot roast and Irish stew.

The common and real danger from which both our nations suffer—as we realize when we visit each other—is that the advancing tide of Subtopia or the Big Street is going ultimately to engulf us all—with hoarding and petrol station, pull-up café and dreary motorway leading on and on to the next industrial city that looks exactly like the last. The historian Burckhardt once wrote that civilization has always depended upon a small educated minority. It is a grave thought in the Age of Demos. But we shall not preserve beauty through sustaining a few landed estates. We must educate ourselves to worth-while standards suited to a world of scientific progress or throw up the aesthetic sponge.

What They Are Saying

Latin America and Yemen

IN RECENT MONTHS radio stations of certain countries have taken an increasing interest in developments in the Latin American region. Lengthy reports about Latin American visitors to the Chinese People's Republic—for instance Colombian and Peruvian parliamentary missions and a youth delegation from eight Latin American countries—have been broadcast by Peking. Considerable time on the air has been given to denouncing 'American intervention' in support of the Nicaraguan and Dominican regimes against insurgents. And quoting the *People's Daily* the Chinese Communist radio in English commented on the controversy surrounding Señor Fidel Castro's land reform in Cuba:

The purpose of the present intervention of American imperialism in Cuba's land reform is to prevent the Cuban Government from pursuing a policy that conforms with the interests of the Cuban people. Furthermore, using the 'anti-Communist threat' as a smokescreen, American imperialism attempts to set the rulers of Latin American countries against Cuba by fanning apprehensions and hatred, and to split the unity of the people of Cuba in order to repeat in that country the 1954 armed coup of Guatemala which overthrew the Arbenz Government.

The Chinese commentator went on to state that the United States Senate had recently resolved to appropriate \$29,500,000 as 'loans' to set up a so-called 'police corps' of American countries and that this was directed against Cuba as was the 'American-sponsored' conference of Home Secretaries of six Central American countries to discuss 'defence against Communist infiltration'. The Peking commentator also accused the United States of threatening the peace and security of Cuba and Latin America by sending reinforcements to its Guantanamo naval base in Cuba.

A transmission from Cairo gave prominence to the statements of Señor Ernesto Guevara, leader of the Cuban official delegation visiting Egypt. Asked his views on positive neutrality at a press conference, Señor Guevara was reported to have said that there were military bases of the United States in Cuba which threatened the country with complete destruction, should war break out. The Cuban leader was reported to have declared: 'We should therefore work for peace in order to avoid this fate', and to have added that the attitude of the Cuban people was similar to that of the peoples of Asia and Africa and the Arab and Latin American peoples.

From Israel, too, came evidence of interest in Latin America. Tel Aviv broadcast a message from Mrs. Meir, the Israeli Foreign Minister, which she had recorded in Mexico City, and in which she spoke of the interest in, and admiration for, Israel which she had encountered during her visits to Latin American countries. She also spoke of Mexico's resemblance to Israel in its efforts to combine a very old civilization with a modern culture.

The Yemen, where the reforming Crown Prince and Regent, Mohammed al Badr, has been struggling against opposition to establish himself as successor to his sick father, the Imam, has been in the news. A broadcast from Egypt, which has been sending aid to al Badr, accused Britain of 'trying to fabricate an atmosphere of false propaganda and poisonous suspicions about sister Yemen'. The Cairo commentator said:

In spreading such rumours the imperialist press and radio seek to attain two aims. They fear that the progress and reform started in sister Yemen may act like a spark which would set the situation in the Arab south—which consists of Aden and the Protectorates—on fire. They are also trying to ensure a stronger grip on the Arab south.

On the other hand, the Voice of Free Egypt in Arabic, which is anti-Nasser, accused the Egyptian President of 'sneaking into' the Yemen and 'plotting through his agents one of whom is the Emir al Badr'. The Voice of Free Egypt asserted that Colonel Nasser is interested in the Yemen because it adjoins Saudi Arabia into which he intends to infiltrate from the Yemen ('He knows that he cannot establish an empire without oilfields').

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

BE-MEDALLED

'THE GERMANS have a good phrase for a chest covered with medals: they call it an "Ordensbrust", an "orders breast"; and East Germany now offers enough decorations to cover the most manly bosom', said IVOR JONES, B.B.C. correspondent in Berlin, speaking in 'Today'. 'There are—as I make it—six different orders, fifteen medals, twenty-four honorary titles, and eight national prizes.

'The most common are the titles; indeed it is hard to read a column of the East German press without bumping into, say, a Distinguished Master of Sport. Winning this usually involves not merely excellence at some game but also some kind of political or social work. There are also the titles: Distinguished Scientist of the People, Distinguished Inventor, Distinguished Stockbreeder, and Distinguished Railwayman. Perhaps a shade lower in the scale come the recently created awards of Leading Collective Farmer, Master Farmer and Master Miner. And at the head of these, as it were, professional titles comes Hero of Labour, which carries a cash grant of up to £800.

'Money goes with several other decorations, too; for instance, the National Prize, normally awarded for work in culture and science, can be worth as much as £8,000. The Lessing Prize, named after the famous poet and critic, which goes to artists and art-critics, carries only a tenth of that sum. There are pensions, too; for instance, the Fatherland Order of Merit for what in Britain would be called "political services" can bring whoever gets it £80 a year.

'Among the orders the most important is that named after Karl Marx, described in the citation founding it as "the greatest son and most important thinker of the German people". It is given for outstanding merit in such work as the building up of socialism. As for the medals, one named after the Communist leader, Ernst Thälmann, killed by the Gestapo, is for youth work, and another bearing the name of Klara Zetkin, the veteran revolutionary, is for furthering the rights of women.

'It all shows, I suppose, that people like their work to be recognized in a Communist State as much as elsewhere. It is significant, perhaps, that many awards were first created after the rising in 1953'.

RIDING THE FOOTPLATE

'England is now full of what I call the "railway romantics"', said WYNFORD VAUGHAN THOMAS in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'These are the people who lament the imminent passing of the steam engine from British Railways. The railway romantics fight tooth and nail to keep it—and fill the air with clouds of steam and lamentation every time a diesel engine takes over one of our great expresses. I wondered just how far this lamentation was justified. I thought I had better ride the footplate of an express while it was still possible.

'So the other day I presented myself at Paddington and was welcomed on to the footplate of one of the big Castle type engines that used to be the pride of the old Great Western Railway. I rode with the driver and his fireman on the 12.50 express to Birmingham. To me it was as exciting as the ride of the Valkyrie.



'As exciting as the ride of the Valkyrie': a British Railways steam train, covered with smoke comes out of a tunnel in Yorkshire

'The fascinating thing about a steam engine—to someone who has been used to riding in aeroplanes, or motorcars—is how tangled up the driver is among the works. There you are, in your open cab, behind you a tender full of coal and in front of you what is, after all, a sort of old-fashioned kitchen grate, with a giant clothes boiler on top of it. There are no neat little buttons to press or polished plastic knobs to turn, as in a car or aeroplane. To control the steam you grasp a gigantic lever like a crowbar; to speed up you turn a wheel like mad; and when you want to blow the whistle, you hang on to a sort of dog-leash (that would fit a great Dane) hung above your head.

'And, all the time, you seem to be almost sitting on the fire. The fireman is constantly shovelling coal, standing on the swaying plate that joins the engine to the tender, and flicking the doors of the fire-grate open with one hand and then shooting the coal right to the far end of the fire with a trick of handling the shovel. I tried it but I never got the right rhythm. Like everything else connected with the steam engine, there is a knack to it.

'You cannot learn to drive a fast express as easily as you can get past your road licence test. Above all, it is extremely difficult to look out. When you are used to car windows, with windscreen wipers, it is a shock to go careering along at eighty to ninety miles an hour with the only thing to see through a tiny porthole on one side of a huge boiler. I am sure that all engine drivers have a permanent slope to their shoulders through perpetually leaning out of their cabs to see what is ahead.

'I felt, as we went puffing, banging, rattling our way along, plunging into tunnels with the glare of our fire lighting up the smoky walls and the fumes wreathing round us, that I was riding a miniature volcano in eruption, and was being whirled back in time to the early-Victorian period. I am sure that here is one sensation that has not changed in essence since the days of George Stephenson.

'"Where is the charm?", I said to myself as I got buried in soot-flakes and suffocated with steam as we tore through the tunnel. But then the inspector who travelled with me said: "Would you like to try the controls? Driver Barnes will be behind you. I'll look after the signals".

'I took the 12.50 through Maidenhead station at ninety miles an hour, and I have never felt such a sensation of power. What has a car or an aeroplane got that can compare with this? Count me from now on as one of the "railway romantics".'



The terraced town of Grasse, Alpes-Maritimes

'STEALING AND GIVING ODOUR'

'As a town Grasse, a centre of the French perfume industry, is rather smaller than Camberley: it is a sunny place with rather a lethargic air', said PADDY DAVIES in 'Woman's Hour'. 'Many people imagine that the land round Grasse consists of fields of flowers—roses and jasmine: but this is not so, for Grasse is a hilly town and like all hilly towns in that part of France it is highly terraced. The local people, on their few individual acres of land do grow, of course, some of the flowers that supply the factories at Grasse. In fact every square inch of soil in these terraces seems to be used just for this.

'When the flowers are ready to be gathered, all the members of the families take part in the picking. It is a big task: for instance, approximately 9,000 jasmine flowers weigh only just over two pounds, and 56,000 roses yield only one ounce of oil. Nearly all the flowers have to be picked, one by one, before sunrise, if possible before they are open and while the early morning dew is still on them. When the flowers have been harvested they are taken in baskets direct to the factories to be examined for quality. The accepted flowers are immediately treated in the factories for the production of their essential oils.

'However, not all essential oils come from flowers. Some are taken from fruits—lemons, oranges, and tangerines; some from roots, such as orris—the base of a violet perfume; some from the woods of trees such as cedar and sandal. These essential oils are exported from Grasse all over the world. They are costly: otto of rose today costs roughly £10 sterling an ounce, more than one ounce of gold. To make perfume

essential oils have to be blended with aromatic chemicals, natural resins such as opopanax, myrrh, and incense, and with animal products, such as ambergris and civet, which add to the lasting properties of the finished product.

'The real personalities in Grasse are the men we refer to as "noses"; men who have spent their lives in the industry smelling different odours day after day, year after year—and remembering what they smell. For instance, if they smell a jasmine oil they can, from memory, compare this year's crop with that of the year before last, or the year before that.

'Perfumers require all that "noses" have plus the all-important creative ability. What we try to do when we create a scent is to blend all sorts of different odours into a single one. If we make one mistake in the mixture we have to start all over again, as one can only add to a formula, never subtract. It can take years to create a perfume'.

BIRTHPLACE OF A POET

'I happened on it first by accident', said ROBIN SKELTON in 'The Northcountryman at Large'. 'It was a summer's day in 1940, and I was on holiday from boarding school, riding my bicycle along the level white roads of Holderness, in a mood to stop and stare at everything that caught my eye, from low red-tiled farms with their dutch barns to squatting ducks at the edge of ponds. I had almost passed the church before I saw

it, half-hidden in a group of trees in the middle of a field just off the road from Hull to Easington, where I was born. The gate to the field path said "St Germain"; it was a name new to me, and as I walked across the grass and into the familiar atmosphere of cold stone, age, and silence, I was somehow expectant. I stood a moment in the dimness, and then by the ancient font I saw the words that told me Andrew Marvell, the poet, had been christened here.

'I was delighted and moved, for even then I was writing poetry, and it was good to find that another poet had been born below the same skies, had watched the same wide river stretch its miles of flat water across to Lincolnshire, and had shared with me these small fields, these kindly hedgerows. The countryside hereabouts cannot have altered much since 1621, and the names I trod under my feet were names he, too, must have walked on. I knew nothing of his poetry then, but later I read it, and read about his life, too.

'As a boy he worshipped at Holy Trinity, Hull, and walked the streets I knew; and though Hull now is no longer a walled city and a prey to plague and civil war it is still a place to stir the imagination, with its sudden intrusion of rocking masts by the street side, and its strange old names—Whitefriargate, Lowgate, Land of Green Ginger. It was not from the busy city, however, that Marvell took his finest inspirations. The poet in Marvell was a quiet man, and, except when he was goaded into satire, his poems were quiet, balanced, meditative. Perhaps it was in a hedge not far from that small church that he first saw "the hatching thristle's shining eye"'.
 French Tourist Office



Harvesting jasmine flowers: all the members of the family take part in the picking

Poet's Novels

By KARL MILLER

IT used to be said that *Ulysses* was the end of the novel, as though it were nice to hear, as though the novel were one more rotten part of the old order and the formidable works of Joyce were part of the millennium. None of that millennium came true; and the novel is still here. The people who write novels in England now, moreover, seem to have gone back and retrieved the connexion with the kind of novel which was developed in the nineteenth century and which *Ulysses* was supposed to stop.

A hundred years ago these lengths of prose, with their stories, their characters, and their reflections, and with the creation of moral life from that material, were the main instrument of English literature. Later in the century, when poetry itself was relatively idle, some of the means of poetry began to pass into fiction. One of the broad movements in literary form since then has been to take from poetry in this way; and the process was confirmed when a more powerful verse made itself felt in the nineteen-twenties. The novel was adjusted poetically to suit the millenary feeling that it was high time traditional arrangements and conceptions of character were scrapped and to make room for the improved conceptions that were obtained from psychology. Other action was taken, too, but this use of poetry stood out. Right into the second world war, stirred and flustered by the experiments of Joyce and Virginia Woolf and Faulkner and by books like *Nightwood* and Henry Miller's *Tropics*, writers turned out fiction that was wrongly poetic, fiction in which the force and complexity proper to the lyric ran on in screeds, fiction in which symbol and soliloquy washed the medium away entirely. Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, Whitman writ large and wrong, is a recent example of these confusions.

'Helpless Inarticulateness'

It is not as if poetry itself were in a fit state to offer this advice. As Pasternak has said of his own early verse, much that was regarded as 'originality' was really 'helpless inarticulateness', and that was often what passed over into prose. What he called the 'affectations' of *Safe Conduct*, a book he wrote in middle life, are a clinical case of the harm that these borrowings could do. There was a fair decay of sense all round, not just the 'heart-rending sense', for which Robert Graves lays traps in his poetry, but something more basic than that, rudimentary enough but simply not there. These failures of sense and communication were sometimes thought to be allowable as an effect of the poet's romantic subjectivism. But they are ruled out by the assumptions on which any novelist seems obliged to proceed, by the awareness he needs of the people that surround him. There were times when poetry might have invaded prose in order to destroy it.

In the last few years, however, there has been a change. The intelligence that mediates and arranges has returned to favour, together with an interest in standards and precedents. The Lawrence who is now the supreme prose writer for so many is as much the man who wrote down skilful descriptions of his society as the hermit with his visionary warnings; the art and critical insights of Henry James are greatly respected, and both novelists are ranged with others like George Eliot and E. M. Forster whose forms have also been increasingly revived. What seems to count is a moral authority which depends on plainness of speech, on special powers of sympathy, and on certain triumphs of description. This is as clear a decorum as any in the circumstances. These are the new virtues, differently worked as they are in the writers I have named.

The coolness that has crept in is obvious in the 'angry' younger writers: *Lucky Jim* has the sound of breaking glass, but it is almost Edwardian in the way it is arranged. And the whole situation, with its elements of old and new, is interestingly

revealed in two books that have been much talked about in the past eighteen months or so. The first is James Gould Cozzens's *By Love Possessed*. This is a slow story, all elbows and Jamesian elaboration, of events in a New Jersey town and of the shocks received by the character and conscience of one of its lawyers. English reviews have noticed a resemblance to Galsworthy. But in fact it is more 'reactionary' than that. Its dark, factual, splenetic stuff would sit happily on the outcrops of rational disgust in the eighteenth century. It is also as modern as it needs to be—the study of conscience has plenty of psychology. But one effect of the support it has been given and of its substantial literary weight is to suggest something new in modernity. If anything is to be stopped or prohibited, Cozzens's book is the end of an end, the reversal of a good deal that was happening in the novel before the war.

Lawrence Durrell and 'Justine'

The second book is very different: it is the sort of book that indicates how the poetic *avant garde* has dated in the novel. Lawrence Durrell has now published three out of four instalments of the novel that opened with *Justine*.

It is about a colony of clever, fated characters who come and go in and around Alexandria in the days when the lavishly examined life was possible there. Mr. Durrell claims countenance from the theory of relativity for the way he has presented their loves and intrigues. Separate narrators tell what happens but the essential 'what happens' is felt to escape into equivocation and mystery. Each book is a mixture of ironies, disclosures, and conflicting views, uneasily done in a very self-conscious style. Each is helped along by a number of epigrams, frequently pretentious and obscure, which utter what might be a French idea, *fin de siècle*, of the mysteriousness of the East. Mr. Durrell is a talented poet. And his talents have duly crossed into this ambitious novel—and been lost there, as in his own sands. It can be rank and funny, Arab and cosmopolitan life coil and undulate together intriguingly and various strokes of atmosphere come off well. But I suggest that the undertaking itself does not come off. The poetry runs down into a series of annotations; it spoils the development of any real dramatic interest; and the attitudes it contains seem surprisingly limp and callow. On this showing he knows far less about human nature than Cozzens does, however unpleasantly Cozzens knows it. His sourness and clumsiness are far less trouble than these epigrams.

Mr. Durrell's novel really is decadent, and I can only believe that reviewers like it, which they do, out of their usual guardedness, their respect for the last decorum but one—though it may also be a form of last fling in the long English love affair with the Near East. If novelists and readers are now inclined to move out of the taste to which it appeals, it gives them good reason to do so.

Transfusions from Poetry into Prose

I think there has been a change of this sort. I hope so. But there have been other changes too. And we appear to be in a situation where these transfusions from poetry into prose, which have had so many disasters, have also been associated with certain of the finest works of the age. Lawrence had a double gift: the moral and descriptive content of his fiction depended on a poetic imagination that had the freedom of both forms throughout his career. It is clear that he kept the proprieties of the novel intact. But it is equally clear that what would once have been poetry was now prose.

The best event in our literature for a long time has been the arrival in the West of Pasternak's novel, and the same could be said of this. But *Dr. Zhivago* is even more of a poet's novel than

any of Lawrence's, which are probably its closest equivalent in the West. There has been grumbling here from those who like their novels, as they tend to get them, plain and mundane. There have been complaints about its ghostly people and ragged plot, about its symbols, its symmetry, and its coincidences. They have cried out for bread and he has given them railways. *Dr. Zhivago* has been seen for the impressive book it is: but it has not altogether been believed.

An audience that has been brought to the stage of distrusting the use of poetry in the novel has to face the presence in *Dr. Zhivago* of the materials, the algebra, of Symbolist poetry. And an audience that is now fairly agnostic has to face something which is heroic and holy. On the other hand, it seems possible that once the novel's complex style has been fully understood the question of religion, though it will remain an issue, will worry us rather less.

The crisis of *Dr. Zhivago* falls in that short period of peace and quiet at Yuratin, in the midst of the chaos and pain that follow the Revolution, when Yury and Lara are together for the last time, when he is able to take up his poetry again and when the Red general Strelnikov reappears to shoot himself. After that Yury is virtually effaced as a human being and dies abjectly years later. We are meant to feel, however, that his defeat is not a defeat at all. His adventures have a kind of tragic success by virtue of the life that has been shown in him, by virtue of the truths and possibilities which it affirms. His defeat is not a defeat because he himself is not a hero—not in the way in which Tolstoy's Levin is a hero, though their adventures are sometimes similar. He is not a hero but the symbolic representative, or conductor, of many meanings, homely and abstruse. He separates from Lara, not because he is a self-centred aesthete, but because he has to undergo the same defeat as Russia herself, because their union was something of the order of the whole divine and ancient country, which the new society was bound to prevent. And the life which he achieves and embodies will last out these defeats, because it is immortal.

Pasternak and Immortality

Pasternak's novel makes use of strong convictions about immortality, history, and art. Immortality is not 'the boastful dead eternity of bronze monuments and marble columns': not the Roman view, but a view which turns to Christianity. Immortality is Yury's life, 'communion between mortals', out of which all art is created, which is self-sacrificing and free, which fights shy of system and abstraction and which delights in the natural world. In the recently published *Essay in Autobiography*, Pasternak talks about an area of 'undying racial subjectivity' where generations meet and where the artist's 'joy of living' is stored up for ever. This joy is the great quality of the novel. Eternity touches all the sights and sounds of the world, and the novel records them all freshly and lovingly. Yury's cause triumphs, with his perceptions, in this abiding circuit of spiritual vitality.

The novel ends with the promise of a future for his child and with a beautiful passage after his death, in which his friends gather one evening in Moscow feeling that the inhumanities of the system may be about to lift. The novel goes on: 'And it seemed that the book in their hands knew what they were feeling and gave them its support and confirmation'. The book is Yury's writings. Yury is not defeated because Pasternak has lived to write this novel and because it is the story of his own life. The life Yury achieved is sealed in art. The victory in the novel is also that Pasternak has written it.

These ideas, in their Symbolist forms, are wonderfully conveyed. I think we can put down the raggedness at the end, if not to the prospect of censorship, certainly to the distractions of his environment. The play of character and incident completely sustains the symbolic design, which is also fascinating in itself. Durrell's poetic novel has no comparable centre of interest. Poets' novels are subject to the same tests as anybody else's: and Pasternak passes them.

The idea of survival in *Dr. Zhivago*, Yury's sense of the natural world and his sense of another legendary world, charged with the emblems of the older, holy Russia, are all made one in the Symbolist convention; and if there is an appeal to religion itself

it must be considered in relation to this unity. The religion inhabits a field which includes several other presences grouped loosely together, like the mysterious Yevgraf; and they are all caught up equally in the symbolic form. Pasternak's feeling for religion is very literal in the stress it lays on the sharpness of immediate personal experience, but there is much in his religion which does not seem literal at all, which seems provisional and exploratory. His religion has no theology. His mystical signs are not the sort of thing one finds in the official religions, but the variable forms in which the spirit may show itself.

Ordinary Life—No Miracles

All this would seem to suggest a certain latitude of belief in the novel and in the interpretations to which it is open. There are references in the *Essay in Autobiography*, which he wrote at the same period, which indicate this clearly. He explains how, as a boy, he had 'mystical and superstitious leanings and a hankering after providential signs'. And in the novel most of the explicit discussion of the idea about survival, which are assigned originally to Yury's uncle, takes place when Yury is young too. The beliefs in the novel must often be leanings rather than anything else, and they are substantially different from the secret, literal trusts which appear in the religious novelists of the West. *Dr. Zhivago* has no miracles and points straight at ordinary life. Its crises are the crises that many agnostic persons must have met with. Its great interest is its natural reality, and it would be a pity if strict interpretations or even the interesting work which Edmund Wilson has done with its legends should distract people from that reality.

None of this means that Pasternak has simply worked up a stupendous myth in order to nerve and dignify our ordinary lives. It is obvious that he also believes, and literally, and that his novel needs a capacity for literal belief in areas where people here do not normally have it any more. He seems able, for example, to accept that individual life may be transformed by these felt connexions with the creations of art and the spiritual development of the human race. We can all think of ways in which the connexions might be asserted, but it is another thing to live them out as he apparently does, to feel them as we might feel tenderness or envy. If *Dr. Zhivago* is to be considered a major work, we should admit that it has the hazard of also being a magic work, and that there is a problem of how much the writer believes and how much we can believe ourselves.

'Henderson the Rain King'

That kind of problem crops up frequently as it is. It occurs in Saul Bellow's latest novel, *Henderson the Rain King*, in which a large, landed American in search of personal satisfaction settles down with a primitive African tribe and has mystical insights. He 'half means' his discoveries, he says, and we are left amid the charms of the narration with a doubt, unresolved in the novel itself, about how seriously or literally we are to take his conversion. With the other book, where we are oppressed by the signs of a unique sincerity, we are much more deeply drawn and much more deeply tested. The problem of how much to believe should turn rapidly into the problem of how much we may have lost in ourselves and how much there is to be recovered.

Whatever English readers will decide about *Dr. Zhivago*, it has elements of conscience and beauty with which we now have absolutely nothing to compare. *Lolita* should certainly be plucked from the burning, but not for that. Pasternak has written a poet's novel which should make us think further about the agnostic plainness which we have set up for so many good reasons and ask how much darkness and complacency it may possibly hold. The flight from poetry is bound to stop short at a book like this. If we now know the safeguards that are needed, we also know what the use of poetry can do.

The goodness of *Dr. Zhivago* touches even the commentaries that have been written on it. Edmund Wilson can hardly have done anything better or more encouraging than his first article. Pasternak tests us in our ideas of character and convention but also, as Wilson says, in the spirit of our society. The life which he wished his hero to have is no easier in the West.

—Third Programme

Pros and Cons of Compulsory Latin

By WALTER JAMES

IN the middle of May the University of Cambridge by 325 votes to 278 decided that a pass in 'O'-level Latin was no longer to be a compulsory requirement for entrance to the university. But later Oxford voted the other way—by 301 votes to 282. These votes were not final decisions, but are some indication of what these may be.

At both Oxford and Cambridge committees are working on plans for bringing the entrance requirements up to date and compulsory Latin is one of the issues these committees will have to decide. But it seems fairly safe to assume that the Cambridge committee will make Latin optional, or keep it only for the arts faculties, while what Oxford will do, after this last vote, is not so clear. There is a strong tendency for Oxford and Cambridge to do the same things together. It would make life extremely complicated for the schools if Oxford asked one set of things for entrance and Cambridge another. One may assume that they will both end by doing much the same thing.

The question of compulsory Latin or not is far wider than the old argument between the arts and the sciences. This was well illustrated in another Cambridge debate on Latin earlier in the year. In that debate Dr. Pantin, Fellow of the Royal Society, a zoologist, argued that Latin had unrivalled advantages for teaching concise expression. He was supported in this by Professor Sir Bryan Matthews, another Fellow of the Royal Society and an eminent physiologist. Dr. Needham, F.R.S., the bio-chemist, was in favour of keeping one classical language compulsory, but would not have minded making Hebrew or an oriental language an alternative to Latin. The scientists were therefore not against Latin to a man. Even at Oxford, Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, this year's President of the Royal Society and also of the Classical Association, although he wanted Latin to be made optional, said he owed much to the Roman poets—though not quite as much, he thought, as he had done to Tolstoy.

Against Latin were many people on the arts side. At Cambridge Mr. W. S. Allen, the Professor of Comparative Philology, denied that Latin had any special superiority, and was supported by other arts specialists who thought English was a language at least as precise, by English dons who thought Latin did positive harm to English, and by mathematicians who felt German would have been more use to them. Several said that if the discipline of a difficult, inflected language was essential, then Russian was today more useful, especially to scientists.

This great argument about compulsory Latin cuts right across the learned world. A minority of scientists want to keep it and a strong minority of arts men want to get rid of it. But we have to be practical. The recent argument at the universities is not so much about the cultural value of the classics and the importance to us of Greece and Rome as about 'O'-level Latin. 'O'-level Latin, taken as it is, it can be argued, teaches you very little about anything. It is no guarantee of any real knowledge or love of classical literature. For many boys and girls going to Oxford or Cambridge, it is just a chore that has to be done if you want to get in. I know schools which when they have a brilliant scientist whom they want to send to Cambridge will cram him through 'O'-level Latin from start to finish in two terms. That, we should

all agree, is no education in the classics at all, but it is not uncommon practice, and it is just because of this that many people who love Latin are prepared to see it go. They believe in Latin, not in cramming.

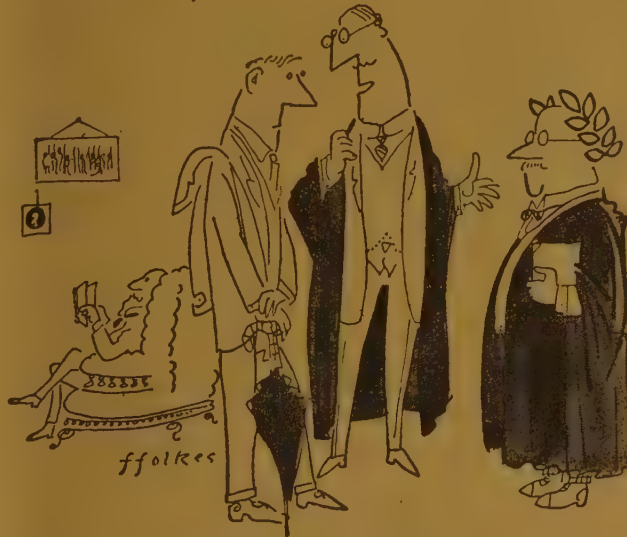
But there is more to it than that. There are grammar schools today which do not teach Latin except, after sixteen, to those pupils who are going to a university that requires it. They keep a classical master for this purpose, but in the general body of the school no Latin at all is taught. One can see what happens in such a school if Oxford and Cambridge abandon the Latin requirement. Sooner or later the classical master goes and he has no successor. The opportunity of boys and girls to learn Latin in that particular school has gone for good. If that happened widely, the classics might vanish from all but a few of our schools. When the west Canadian universities dropped the classical language requirement long before the war there was a marked fall in the number of children taking the subject at their secondary school. Greek had almost died out of British Canada, though it is still insisted upon and is very much alive in the schools and universities of French Canada.

Do we want what happened to Latin in Western Canada to happen here? The Oxford and Cambridge Latin requirement was at least a guarantee that all our grammar schools would have a

teacher of the classics on their staffs, and that a fair number of men and women would be studying classics at the universities.

That is no argument that will impress those who regard Latin as useless anyway. But before we take up the general question of the value of keeping Latin alive in the modern world, we must examine one more point about its bearing on school and university studies. Miss Helen Gardner, Fellow of St. Hilda's, whose speech did much to sway the last Oxford vote, explained how it would be impossible to maintain the standards of the arts faculties without demanding Latin. We can see its importance to the study of many European languages, including our own, and to history, for example. It is impossible to study medieval history at all deeply without Latin. Miss Gardner feared that if some grammar schools were led by the removal of the entrance requirement to give up teaching Latin, then the candidates for Oxford's famous arts schools might one day all be drawn from a restricted circle of public and the grander grammar schools which could still afford to keep classical teachers on their staffs.

Let us now move outside the shadow of the recent debates at Oxford and Cambridge and consider the case for Latin generally. The chief utilitarian argument is that Latin is the best instrument for teaching people to think and write clearly. As an inflected language, it demands a precise expression that cannot be achieved without precise thought. The standard of written English, it is often claimed, has declined with the fall in the study of Latin. Many do not find this argument convincing. Some would say that English itself, properly taught, can be made as useful a discipline in precise thought and expression. It is on the face of it absurd to claim that simple clarity must depend absolutely on the continued study of one particular classical language. What of the ancient Greeks themselves—Plato and Aristotle, Sophocles and Thucydides? They at least had no Latin.



'Meet Gillespie—Classics'

By permission of the proprietors of 'Punch'

One point is unanswerable. A boy or girl proficient at Latin must be both clever and industrious. Latin is difficult; there are no easy ways round. There are some arts subjects—I believe that history, which I studied, is one—in which a clever pupil can put up a convincing show without much work. That is impossible in Latin. If an employer is looking for a good recruit, he can be sure that one who has a successful record in Latin will be both intelligent and hard-working. As a selective instrument, Latin is not to be despised: but it is not the main object of education to make things easy for employers.

A First in Greats

Yet it can still be maintained that the classics, for pure educational value, are outstanding among all other subjects. 'Greats' at Oxford, which is the crown of a classical education, still produces men and women with minds ideally prepared for work in the world. 'Why do you recruit firsts in Greats?', a former chairman of a large oil company was asked. 'Because they sell more oil', he replied. On my own experience in taking people straight from university on to the staff of a newspaper I should say firmly that I expect no one to do better than a first in Greats.

The excellence of a good Greats man, however, is not conclusive evidence of the superior qualities of a classical education. Is it the best education, or is it, rather, the education that our best boys have been given? There is still a tradition, in some of our leading schools, that the brightest pupils are steered on to the classical side. So when we say the first-class product of the Greats school cannot be improved upon, we may be saying no more than that the ablest boys from our best schools, after distinguishing themselves at one of our best universities, are very good material indeed. They would still be so, it could be maintained, if they had followed other subjects than the classics.

Moreover, all these arguments from clear thinking and writing are based on a smallish number of boys and girls going a long way in the classics. Every year 40,000 children take 'O'-level Latin, of whom a third fail, and only 4,000 go on to 'A'-level. So far have our standards slipped that only the 'A'-level candidates reach the level demanded from new boys at public schools fifty years ago. There are great advantages in a classical education: but we are not justified in claiming those advantages for a half or a quarter or even less of the real thing. What is the point of taking up the time of thousands of children, the majority of whom are going eventually to specialize in science, with a difficult language they will never master and no single book of which they will read to the end?

Linking Thread to Western Civilization

One answer to that question must be heard. It is that Latin is the thread linking us to the classical homelands of our civilization. As western men and women we can no more afford to forget our roots in Greece and Rome than we can our other roots in Palestine. It is true that the widespread study of Latin in our schools will assure us of that continuing succession of classical scholars needed to keep classical studies alive. But, setting this aside, it is probable that the average pupil would get a vivid idea of Greek and Roman life and thought from the classics in translation than he possibly could from his hours of struggling with elementary Latin. In fact, many of the opponents of compulsory Latin maintain that it stands in the way of passing on the classical inheritance. Many boys and girls who find they need Latin for entrance spend valuable time in the sixth form 'mugging it up', when it would be far better for them and the survival of the classical spirit if they were reading a translation of Thucydides's *History of the Twenty-seven Years' War*—that matchless study of human nature and politics; or reading, also in translation, those Roman Stoic writers whose views, taken up by Christianity, are still alive in present-day thinking. A study of Greek and Roman history can be intensely stimulating. But is elementary Latin?

Because, if it is kept, it will go on being no more than elementary Latin for most people. The strongest arguments for Latin are based on the effect of a fairly thorough study of the language—at least up to 'A'-level. But it is impossible to believe, with the demands of the scientific syllabus, that universities will

ever again require 'A'-level standards in Latin for everyone. As far as compulsion goes, it is of 'O'-level that we have to think.

But before we reject Latin, there is one more argument we ought to consider. In the Oxford debate, several speakers pointed to the United States, where Latin has largely vanished from the secondary schools, and tried to frighten their audience with American undergraduates' low standards of writing and work generally. It is certainly true that American scholastic standards are far lower than our own—a common figure given is that the American schoolboy is on an average two years behind ours—but it is extremely difficult to believe that these lower standards are in any way owed to the disappearance of Latin. They spring far more from the egalitarian idea so strong in America that for some children to be allowed to outpace the others is somehow undemocratic. After Russia's success with the sputniks, a sharp reaction against these ideas has set in in America.

But the abandonment of Latin in schools in the United States is worth noting for one of its effects. Children are growing up there without learning a subject which in the past almost all the ablest children in the bounds of western civilization studied in common. Almost everywhere in Europe every child of what we should call grammar-school standard carries Latin with him for most of his schooldays. Here and there in Europe there are criticisms that he perhaps does too much of it, but there seem few demands that it should be dropped altogether.

Move Away from Europe?

If we in Britain gradually let Latin drop, we move in the American direction and away from Europe. One experience which we now share with every clever child in Europe is removed. In a sense the classics, although nowadays with so many competitors, have remained the core of a good European education. They have come down in an unbroken stream from the first classical academies of the Renaissance in Italy, on which Dean Colet modelled St. Paul's school in London, providing the blueprint, for centuries, of the English public and grammar school. It could be said that for us to go Latinless might add to the fragmentation of western civilization as we have received it.

There is this further point, though naturally I made it on social and cultural rather than religious grounds. In the services of the Roman Catholic Church, Latin is a living language. We may be certain that the Roman Catholic secondary schools, of which Europe has many, will not abandon the teaching of Latin. They did not do so in Canada, when the British Canadian schools went the other way. The point I am trying to make is that in a civilization covering many countries and nations, it is good that as much of the curriculum as possible should be common to all schools. Sharing the same educational experience and a general stock of knowledge can strengthen that unity of mind and outlook which every living civilization needs. Modern science itself is international, but it needs supporting by other studies, and one of the really international studies still retained is undoubtedly Latin.

Possibly everyone is being a little alarmist. It does not necessarily follow that if Oxford and Cambridge abandon compulsory Latin the study of the classics is going to die out in England. They are strongly entrenched in our best schools. The numbers reading them at the universities are actually increasing. In the year before the war 292 undergraduates were studying classics at Cambridge; this year there are 403. If the removal of the 'O'-level requirement leads to the disappearance of the classical master from some schools, he may well continue in others.

There are two questions to consider: First, the one Oxford and Cambridge have been debating. Is some study of Latin a necessary part of a good education for everyone? Or is it true to say that if Latin is done at all, it should be done thoroughly, and that the long hours spent in getting to 'O'-level are wasted hours, unless the candidate goes farther? Finally, there is the much bigger question: should Latin, if not made compulsory for all, always remain an important subject in the school curriculum in the western world? Would we be losing something valuable if it slowly became for us a language like ancient Hebrew, known only to a few scholars? Is Latin a necessary reminder, for everyone who hopes to be educated, of what we owe to Rome and through Rome to Greece? Or can we do without it?

—Broadcasts for Schools (Home Service)

My Parents and Grandparents

An autobiographical talk by LEONARD WOOLF

WHEN I think of my past and of the chromosomes of my ancestors, which after all are an important part of my past, I am a little surprised to see where they have landed me. They have landed me in a house and garden in a Sussex village. I feel that my roots are in this garden and village and also far away in Greece, in the Greece of Herodotus, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Pericles. In my bones, brain, and heart I always feel English and more narrowly a Londoner, born and bred in London, and at the same time an Athenian with a nostalgic love for the city and civilization of ancient Athens. Yet my chromosomes are neither Anglo-Saxon nor Ionian. When the ancestors of my Sussex neighbours were herding swine on the plains of eastern Europe, and the Athenians were building the Acropolis, my Semitic ancestors already had the days of their national greatness, such as it was, behind them. They were in Persia or Palestine, already prisoners of war, displaced persons, refugees; they had begun that unending pilgrimage as the world's official fugitives and scapegoats which has brought one of their descendants to live, and probably die, parish clerk of Rodmell in the county of Sussex.

Admiration for Education

My father's father was a Jew born in London, who began, I believe, with a tailor's shop in the East End. He did extremely well in his trade and eventually had several shops in different districts of London. I call them tailor's shops, and I think that that is what he must have begun with, and probably his father before him, but the multiple shops which were eventually owned by him actually sold ready-made clothing. I think some of them still exist—there was one in Holborn until Hitler dropped his bombs on it—and I always believe that they are the remains of an ancestral business which might well have made me a rich man. It did not because, although my grandfather ended his life in a large house in Tavistock Square, none of his sons went into the business. Like so many Jews, he had an intense admiration for education, and he educated his sons out of their class. I never knew any of my paternal uncles, but I do not know that any of his sons, except my father, benefited very much from this education. It enabled my father to become a successful barrister and Q.C. He was extremely intelligent and had a quick, powerful mind. He was born about 1847, married my mother about 1870, begat ten children, and died in 1892 after a few weeks' illness at the age of forty-five.

I presume that, like every male, I was in love with my mother and hated my father, but I can find no trace of either the love or the hate in my memories or indeed in my unconscious when, as occasionally happens, the id intrudes upon my ego. I was eleven when my father died. I admired him greatly and certainly thought that I was very fond of him, and I think that he was both fond and proud of me, partly because I resembled him in being, as a small boy, intelligent, reserved, and quick-tempered. He certainly had intelligence, reserve, and a quick temper; he was also very nervous and highly strung, and, though an extremely kind man, he was more intolerant of fools and their folly than most men I have known.

Though not an orthodox Jew, his ethical code of conduct was terrific, and yet he was not, in my recollection of him, passionately on the side of righteousness or violently against sin. He was, I think, one of those rare people whose code of personal conduct is tremendously high and austere, but whose morality is instinctive, springing from a delicacy or nicety of taste or aesthetic sensibility. This would explain why he was able unexpectedly to do without a sense of sin or the desire to punish sinners. He once said that in his opinion a perfect and complete code of conduct for a man's life had, once and for all, been laid down by the prophet Micah in the words: 'What doth the Lord require of

thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' The words are inscribed on his tombstone in the grim and grimy cemetery in the Balls Pond Road.

Atonement 150 Years Ago

Two vast oil paintings of my paternal grandparents hung, during my childhood, on the wall of our dining-room. My grandparents died before I was born, but their portraits which loomed so large over so many meals have indelibly impressed upon my mind their features and characters. I remember my grandfather as a large, stern, black-haired and black-whiskered rabbinical-looking Jew, his left hand tucked into his waistcoat. My grandmother was the exact opposite, pretty, round-cheeked, mild, forgiving. It was all, no doubt, as it should be—the male forbidding and the female forgiving. She probably had a good deal to forgive, certainly from her children, for I think that, with the exception of my father and one of my aunts, they must have been pretty tough people. The look of stern rabbinical-orthodoxy on my grandfather's face was probably no illusion, for traditionally his family had a certain amount of iron in their souls. I was once told that his mother, my great-grandmother, when she was over seventy, used to walk to the synagogue with hard peas in her boots on the evening of the Day of Atonement. She stood upright in her place in the synagogue on the hard peas for twenty-four hours, without sitting down, until sunset of the following day, fasting of course the whole time. That in the Woolf family some 150 years ago was considered to be the proper way of atoning for your sins.

I feel a faint, sneaking agreement with my great-grandmother, or rather I would if I had ever had a sense of sin. I presume that my unconscious is the universal cesspool of sadistic and masochistic guilt revealed by psychoanalysis, but I have never been able to detect in myself, even in childhood, an unconscious or a conscious sense of sin. But if there has to be this abominable doctrine of guilt and atonement, then I would approve of my great-grandmother's habit of doing the thing thoroughly.

My mother's family had none of the toughness and sternness of the Woolfs. There was in all of them whom I knew a rather attractive softness. My mother was born in Holland, in The Hague, I think. Her father was a diamond merchant, and the whole family migrated to London when she was still a child. I do not know why they migrated, continuing the unending pilgrimage which, as I said, began in Palestine and Persia 2,500 years ago.

Echo of the Napoleonic Wars

I knew both my mother's parents as they lived to be nearly ninety. The de Jongh family—for that was their name—seemed to me, as a child, to belong to a distant century, almost antediluvian. It was characteristic of them that my mother's nurse used to describe vividly to her the Napoleonic wars and how the French soldiers came marching into the Dutch village where she lived as a young girl, and were quartered on her parents.

My grandparents, when I knew them, lived in a small house in Addison Gardens, and once a week, as children, we used to go to have tea with them. It was the cleanest house and they were the cleanest people I have ever seen anywhere. My grandmother was always sitting by the window of the ground-floor room in a black ebony chair which had an immensely high, straight back rising well above her head. She never stopped knitting, the needles going faster than I have ever seen in the hand of any other knitter. A white lace cap was on the whitest hair, and beneath it was a round, pink face of a very old Dutch doll. She was the kindest and roundest of women, and, though she did not read books or suffer from abstract ideas or experience the grinding of the intellect—which for most people is as unpleasant as the

dentist's drill—somehow or other she had learnt to defeat fate.

She must have been born round about 1800, I think in Groningen, an incredibly provincial town in the north-east of Holland; in 1890 she sat in the window behind the lace curtains in Addison Gardens, having borne ten children and welcomed thirty grandchildren, and having moved imperturbably from Uncle Katze's house in Groningen to The Hague and Amsterdam and thence to Woburn Lodge and Addison Gardens, passing on the way the whole of the nineteenth century. There are some simple people who display an extraordinary and admirable resistance to the cruelties of man, the malevolence of Providence, and the miseries of existence. My grandmother was one of them; sitting so upright in her ebony chair behind the white lace curtains, unconquered by the nineteenth century and ten children, she defied fate even in Addison Gardens.

My grandfather was very different. He was a tall, gentle, rather silent man with a long white beard. Though his coat,

trousers, hat, and umbrella were just like those of any other gentleman in Addison Gardens, he looked to me as if he might have stepped straight out of one of those old pictures of bearded Jews in a ghetto, straight backed, dignified, gentle, sad, resigned, expecting and getting over two or three millennia nothing but the malignancy of fate and the cruelty of man, and yet retaining in the small of their backs or the cockles of the heart a fragment of spiritual steel, a particle of passive and unconquerable resistance. In the house my grandfather always wore a brightly coloured smoking cap, and I never saw him without a book and a cigar. I dare say that he, too, cherished in the small of his back or the cockles of his heart that particle of steel which alone enabled him to walk so upright, but I must admit that I never saw any evidence of it. He was a lovable, kindly man, who seemed to have yielded in gentle melancholy to fate; and at eighty-seven he was knocked down and killed in Walham Green by a horse-drawn omnibus.—*Third Programme*

An American Look at England

By ALISTAIR COOKE

FOUR or five centuries ago, foreign ambassadors who were appointed to London made a habit of publishing their views about the English people, their character, their ways of life, their landscape, their humours and eccentricities. It does not surprise us now to read what the Venetian ambassador thought about English women at the time of Elizabeth I. It would surprise us very much, I suspect, if it were possible to go out and buy a book written by Her Majesty's Ambassador to Washington describing, in all candour, his general view of the United States, his observations about American food, clothes, the superiority of one part of the country over another, the private humours of Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the quick but quickly dissipated temper of Senator Lyndon Johnson—all the things that, in fact, the rest of us spend most of our time discussing in private. It is safe to say that the British Ambassador would soon not be the Queen's envoy to Washington, or perhaps to anywhere else.

All So Touching

Nowadays, diplomacy consists of pretending that all countries like each other immoderately until the moment—an act of aggression, the imposition of a high tariff, the seizure of a trade route—when we can safely break down and say aloud what we had been thinking all along. We are all so touchy nowadays, and justifiably so, since one good insult might provoke an inter-continental ballistic missile, that it is no longer possible for ambassadors, or any official representative of one country to another, to exercise his prejudices in public. In Washington, at any rate, social assemblies of the diplomatic corps have come to resemble Boy Scout jamborees, in which Arabs munch hot corn-bread with open approval, Latin Americans profess a passion for baseball, senators flagrantly tell the British of their infatuation with Scotch salmon, and everybody congratulates everybody else on the luck of having been born in Paris, or Chile, or Sussex, or Caracas. It is inevitable it should be so.

However, we have lost something in not being able to know at the time how typical natives of one nation feel about another. We no longer can enjoy an official document that begins: 'The natives of England are a sturdy people, who say it is a pity that a foreigner, whom they like, should not have been born an Englishman'.

I may be able to pass on to you some of the unholy pleasure of such a sentence by describing a trip to Cornwall taken by three Americans. Two of them had never been more than twenty miles outside London, and one of them had never been in England before. Since I was driving them for the 770 miles of our trip, and since driving a gear box in reverse, on the

wrong side of the road, does not allow much more garrulousness than a stray remark tossed over the shoulder (the wrong shoulder), I was able to absorb their impressions and running comments with all the distant impartiality of an English judge. So here is a record of a five-day orgy of eavesdropping. These three Americans—one man and two women (or, as we say in America of all females not yet fifty years of age, two girls) were amiable and attractive people. They had, it transpired, no axes to grind; only one of them, the lady who had never been here before, had several deep-seated prejudices, mostly in favour of England. As, for instance, that most Englishmen—the earls and dukes, that is—live in London and have either country mansions at Wilton or Longleat or summer bungalows at Lyme Regis or St. Ives. The peasants, which is the other existing social class, live in adorable thatched cottages. She was considerably miffed to see television aerials on red-bricked gabled houses of the Tudor—1910—period and she could not think what kind of people lived in them, until I managed to shout out the information that most English people were middle-class city dwellers who worked either in factories or shops or offices, just like the citizens of Pittsburgh. 'Pittsburgh', she squealed, 'well, for heaven's sakes what are we doing in England?' It was an unanswerable question and we never brought it up again.

Staines—the Last Human Outpost

Any attempt on my part to demonstrate the present social and industrial structure of England was defeated at the start by our choice of route. I hope the born southerners among you will not bridle at a north countryman's observation that the south of England, from Middlesex to the Cornish moors, is one perpetual private park or golf course totally uninhabited by the human animal. Staines is the last human outpost before the forests and the parks, the dells and vales and the grasses begin. The grass was a constant marvel to the Americans, whose forefathers hit the coast of Massachusetts only three centuries ago and were astounded to find themselves in pasture land so lush that the grass came up to their shoulders, and dinner was available everywhere in the form of a big, prancing, double-breasted animal that was then a novelty: it was called a turkey. (By way of explanation, I throw in the quick note that since then the billboard lobby has been working valiantly, and it is safe to predict that fifty years from now it will be impossible to take a motor trip on any route across 3,000 miles of the United States and have the stacked legions of billboards, urging you to buy this petrol and that beer, marred by any interruption of grass or trees.)

The Americans gasped throughout the first afternoon and

evening—all the way to Dorchester—at the fineness of the parkland, the precision of the hedgerows, the thoroughness with which the natives of this magnificent land have tamed and domesticated nature, which was once, we have to suppose, red in tooth and claw. The closest thing we ever saw to tooth and claw was a poodle. His fur was cleaned and combed, and he wore a little rope round his neck. He trotted obediently on the left side of the road, and by night, I expect, he carries a rear light.

The American man said that he was baffled to the point of panic by the contradiction between what he had always heard and read about England and what his eyes now told him. No pasture land in the world is so exquisitely planned or maintained. But where were the maintenance men? Where were the farmers? We saw none. He said: 'I believe that when the night comes on—which judging from the twilight must be about two in the morning—they let loose packs of brownies who thresh and trim and plant and mow the ground and hop back into their caves before the dawn'. 'What's all this', his wife said, 'about the overpopulated little island?

How many people live here?' she asked. 'About 55,000,000', I barked. The Americans thought this to be a lie, and the man suggested that England would be a good place to re-settle the people of Monaco, or Australia and New Zealand and other crowded areas of the world.

By now, we were all a little dizzy from the weaving and winding of the roads, and just then a sign came up on the road. It said: 'Bends next quarter mile'. 'They aren't kidding', said the American man. It turned out, however, that this had nothing to do with the hazards of space travel. It is a warning that you are going to get dizzier still. The Americans were intrigued by the road signs, which differ in their language so strikingly from American signs that the automobile clubs ought to issue a phrase



'A perpetual private park': view near Crowcombe, Somerset

book, as they do for visitors to Spain and Italy. For instance, every time a bridge came up, there would be a sign saying: '13 foot 6 headroom'. Could this be the English equivalent of the sign in California, which reads: 'Impaired Vertical Clearance'? It is always too late to figure out. By the time you have decided, you are under the bridge, or headless. Rarely, there comes up the relief of a divided highway, but it says: 'Dual Carriageway'. 'You see', said one of the girls, 'I told you they rode in state coaches'. 'Used to', said her husband. 'Well', she said, 'they can't shake the habit, that's what'.

There was one other puzzle of the landscape which we never solved: the cows themselves, and the mystery of their translation from pasture to plate. They were gorgeous beasts, who never needed to grow any muscle by having to limp, as they do in Texas, a mile or more for a bite of food. They waved their tails at us in the flawless sunshine (the English climate, said the new girl, is another myth) and hardly had to crane a neck to enjoy a banquet of goodies that reached over the horizon. And yet, why is it that once they are disposed of—by I am sure a painless, even pleasurable method of extinction—and are quartered and delivered and cooked, they appear on the dining tables in skimpy fillets as digestible as a rhinoceros hide? The favourite entrée of the English, the Americans said, is *contrefilet* of bedroom slipper.

I have no feeling in this delicate matter. I simply report what I heard. Although we were using a food guide, compiled by some daring spy who was determined to smoke out tasty food if it cost him his citizenship, we came to settle, every meal, for smoked salmon—which is universally fine—and for strawberries and cream, which were just beginning, but they were fragrant and often delicious. It was rather like, the Americans said, travelling in Spain, where the menus tease you with all kinds of fascinating print jobs but



'The horizon broken by pyramids of china clay waste': near St. Austell, Cornwall

all the same you learn to stay with the omelettes and the caramel custard.

These were the themes that punctuated the Americans' 'oohs' and 'ahs' over the green silence, the charm and majesty of the lands of Wiltshire and Hampshire and Dorset and Somerset and Devon and about a half of Cornwall. On the third evening we came to Newquay, which is a fairly hideous town; but, luckily, on a headland over the sea is an old house, now a hotel, and a terrace and a noble view of cliffs plunging into an aquamarine sea. Here we believed all we had vaguely heard about the splendour of Cornwall, and further south, at Hell's Mouth, we looked out on the exact coastal landscape of central California, and so—naturally—approved.

At this point the expected views vanished and a mystery emerged. Gone were the rolling pastures and the graceful copses, and the general air of romantic landscapes only possible as the background to eighteenth-century portraits of brave generals and lovely ladies. Suddenly the fields were stubbly and the fences were of stone. The horizon was broken by pyramids of china-clay waste, and above the headlands and on top of little hills there were outcrops of lumbering stone, which might have been relics of Druid temples or abandoned tin mines. It was, to the faint horror of

the Americans, tough, dour and melancholy country, where an abandoned mine can signify hungry bellies, where the whimsical decision of a school of fish to swim elsewhere has, before now, brought sudden poverty to coastal villages.

We did not think it was any land for tourists. Admittedly we were cowards. We stopped and stared and shuddered at the stony grime, the solid ugliness of the villages, and we turned round and headed for Somerset. After all, said the new girl, you come to England, to see England. This is England, said her husband. 'Oh, pooh', she replied, 'it says here the land caved in and the sea filled it in. It's part of Brittany, and I must say it looks like it. Get me back to England'.

We turned round, and within the hour were again in the perpetual golf course. It was a rough judgment on the part of the American girl. But it contained the supreme compliment of refusing to believe that England could be ugly as other countries are ugly, or that she should ever be judged by any other image than her unique one—by that domestic landscape which turns its full face to you like a lovely woman after a quarrel—and makes you forget the important things, the factories, the Satanic mills, the squabbling and meanness and everything else she has in common with every other land.—*Home Service*

The Making of Modern Science—IV

MARIE BOAS on the machinery of Nature

TO the seventeenth-century scientist the idea that Nature was a vast and intricate piece of machinery was novel, exciting, fruitful, and reasonable. It held much the same place in scientific thought that the idea of the utilization of industrial design held for certain twentieth-century painters: it provided new lines on which old techniques could proceed, it offered new techniques distinct from the old, and it conveyed the ingredient of rebellion from the past which is so often a necessary stimulus to the creative thinker in any field. Since in science general concepts can frequently be immediately tested by special results, the mechanical view of nature was rightly rendered more popular by the spectacular successes achieved by its proponents in the face of equally spectacular failures by its opponents. Unlike its artistic analogue, the scientific respect for the machinery was not based upon an overwhelming mechanization of society; machinery was still relatively rare, though increasing rapidly in ingenuity and scope, and the engineer was as much on the frontiers of a new world as the scientist.

The seventeenth-century mechanists were by no means naïve, and when they spoke and thought of nature as a machine they meant nothing simple and nothing ordinary. If the universe were a great piece of clockwork, as so many averred, this denigrated neither the complexity of its structure nor the wonder and majesty of nature. (The clock that most of them had in mind was that triumph of sixteenth-century engineering, the cathedral clock at Strasbourg, whose complexity may be judged by the simplified contemporary model, a mere five feet high, which can be seen still telling minutes, hours, days and phases of the moon, while giving five sorts of dumbshow, in the British Museum.) The comparison was not to be taken literally: a clock was the most complex piece of machinery available for comparison and every scientist knew that the universe was as much more complex than the clock as God was more wise and ingenious than the clockmaker. To the new mechanists, this image was a powerful argument in their

design to combat religious scepticism by a study of Nature.

The concept of the world as machine gave a new meaning to the idea of physical law; for laws of nature could now be apprehended as expressions of the way in which God had built the machine, and the way in which he intended it to run. Hence physical laws had real meaning and existence, and the task of the scientist was to find these laws out. When found, they would surely be similar to the laws of mechanics, which described how the simpler man-made machines worked. Indeed, the newest science of the seventeenth century (built upon Galileo's discovery of the law of falling bodies) was dynamics, a branch of mechanics.

Mechanics had begun as a study of the problems connected with simple machines—wedge, pulley, lever, and so on; the new mechanics was suitable for the study of more complex machines with moving parts—pumps, clocks, war machines, the world machine. Natural philosophy had two main divisions, terrestrial and celestial physics; as Galileo tried to show, and as Newton triumphantly did show, mechanics applied equally to the earth and the heavens. However complex the world machine might be, it was, as a machine, inherently both rational and comprehensible in its workings. Indeed a machine, being but some particular material moving according to the regular laws of mechanics to the end for which its inventor had designed it, could be understood by anyone who took the trouble to study it: who, that is to say, took it to bits to discover its component parts and mastered the fundamental laws governing its movements. (The mechanical point of view was a powerful stimulus to the experimental way, though mechanical laws were mathematical in expression.)

Similarly, one should have no fear that the world itself would remain incomprehensible to anyone who studied it carefully—one needed to understand the matter from which it was made and the laws which governed it; but these were things which, though difficult, were by no means beyond the ingenuity of man to discover. God could not have been less rational than his creatures when it came



The simplified model, in the British Museum, of the cathedral clock at Strasbourg, 'that triumph of sixteenth-century engineering'

to engineering; it was impossible for the new rational scientist not to try to understand what he believed to be so comprehensible. And success in his investigations seemed proof that the mechanical way was the most fruitful for the understanding of nature.

The rational tendency of thought of the age, avowedly based on what Descartes had proclaimed as the egalitarianism of common sense, eagerly welcomed the mechanical view as the antithesis of the magical occultism of the preceding generations. Magic ravished many souls besides that of Faust, and so many were the scientists of the sixteenth century who sought for knowledge of nature through the admittedly disreputable paths of occultism, number mysticism, sympathetic magic, alchemy or astrology, that 'mathematician' and 'magician' were regarded as the same, and not without reason. The mechanization of nature dealt a death blow to scientific mysticism; for it accounted in mechanical terms for much of what had seemed to be explicable only in terms of magic; and it suggested by its success that yet more could be so explained. Kepler regarded his laws as a triumphant justification of the view that God had designed the universe as a great fabric of mathematical harmony whose proportions provided a mystic design to the human spirit; Newton regarded Kepler's laws, like his own, as an expression of the regular working of the mechanical world. The optics of lenses was a branch of natural magic in the sixteenth century; it was a part of the mechanical philosophy in the seventeenth century, and the successful discovery and application of its laws in the later period amply justified the change.

To understand the machine, discover its parts and the laws which govern their motions; to understand the world machine, do the same. But what were the parts of the world machine? And what laws of motion did they obey? That there was a universal matter underlying all the diverse structure of the universe was a commonplace, indeed it was a tenet of Aristotelian physics, but it offered little help to an understanding of the properties of ordinary matter. In orthodox physics, the properties of bodies, their essential characteristics which differentiated one from another, were attributed to certain substantial forms or real qualities, that is, to certain philosophical principles which, impressed upon matter, changed the universal 'formless' substance into the material objects of the everyday world. Each substance had certain more or less permanent qualities which made it what it was, as well as certain transient qualities subject to ready change, though no quality was presumed to be truly permanent.

Thus gold was differentiated from iron by its yellowness, malleability, weightiness, ability to resist tarnishing, and so on; both shared the inherent properties of being metals. Both could acquire other forms or qualities of a more transient nature—both could be hot or cold, liquid or solid, and so on. There was, in this theory, nothing to prevent one's turning iron into gold if only one knew how to impress the proper forms upon iron and remove those forms, like the tendency to rust, which were alien to gold. Such explanations were convenient enough, but, as scientists began to complain early in the seventeenth century, they were verbal explanations only, suitable to the semantic philosophy of the school-men, but not at all helpful towards a deeper understanding of the natural world. Some other kind of explanation must exist, which would be more useful and more understandable; for forms were inherently unknowable, and there

was an increasing belief that science should accept only what it could thoroughly know.

True to the tradition of Renaissance learning, scientists began to look for an alternative explanation in the writings of classical antiquity, and found what they sought in the writings of the Greek atomic philosophers, Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius had all offered a kind of mechanical philosophy when they interpreted the difference between substances as the result of differences in the size and shape of the component atoms. These atomic philosophies had the disadvantage of being allied to atheism and scepticism, but the advantage of being totally non-Aristotelian, a grateful characteristic in an anti-Aristotelian age. Scientifically, however, these atomic theories were defective, for they explained only the more permanent properties of matter, leaving heat, fluidity, colour, density, and so on still to be interpreted in terms of forms and qualities.

A true mechanical philosophy must, as scientists slowly recognized, account for all properties of bodies, transient as well as fixed, in some more mechanical way. Galileo's successful attack on the problem of moving bodies suggested to him that the motion of the atoms might, in some part at least, be subject to similar laws, and might account for those properties of matter that were purely subjective—such as colour, taste, odour, sound—which would, as he said, not exist without an organ of sensation to detect them. This is an early and tentative division of qualities into primary and secondary which (though first explicitly denominated as such by Boyle and Locke) was the basis for the mechanical philosophy which was to dominate later seventeenth-century thought.

Galileo's suggestion was prophetic: at about the same time a similar suggestion was made by a totally different kind of thinker, Francis Bacon. On empiricist grounds, and ignorant of Galilean dynamics, Bacon insisted that the prime requisite of natural philosophy was a search for forms, since, as he said, 'from the discovery of forms results truth in speculation

and freedom in operation', for when we understand forms we know how to create them. His study of the form of heat, clumsily inductive though it was, led him to the correct conclusion that heat was but the result of the motion of the particles, and to a further conclusion that other general properties of matter could be explained in the same way. Bacon had a powerful influence upon the English school of mechanical philosophy, above all on Robert Boyle, who, in turn, influenced Newton.

By the mid-seventeenth century, the mechanical philosophy was widely recognized as offering vast possibilities, if only its disadvantages could be overcome. These were, first, the obviously non-Christian implications of any atomic theory; this could be and was overcome by explicitly denying Epicurean philosophy. There was secondly the philosophic problem that the idea of indivisible least particles was logically unsound; this could be overcome by denying the existence of true atoms and substituting indefinitely small particles, parts or corpuscles. There was thirdly the scientific problem of inventing or discovering the laws by which these particles moved and acted; this could be approached rationally or empirically, but in the final analysis many of the mechanical explanations were as unprovable as the forms and qualities they were designed to replace.

Two chief versions of the mechanical philosophy dominated the later seventeenth century; it was a combination of both that



Robert Boyle (1627-1691), from the painting after Friedrich Kerseboom in the National Portrait Gallery

helped to create the Newtonian synthesis which was the culmination of a century's work. One was an essential part of a great philosophic system, the work of Descartes; the other was Boyle's non-dogmatic and empirically based theory. Descartes enshrined the basis for a detailed explanation of the properties of matter—though he explained in detail only a few such properties himself—in the first completely mechanical philosophy of the universe.

True to his philosophical principles, Descartes began with what he regarded as self-evident statements about the world, and from these proceeded to construct his logical universe. Matter was the first basic principle, matter defined as extension. Since matter was identical with extension, there could be no vacuum, all motion must proceed by impact, and all physics was geometry. This led to Descartes's conviction that the small parts of matter were moved by the pressure of the aether. To understand the world one had, then, merely to define matter and motion. Hence the bold attempt to frame a system of the world, terrestrial and celestial, by describing matter and stating certain laws of motion. The Cartesian system had enormous appeal and influence, and was an admirably brave attempt to establish a totally mechanical universe, but it suffered from many disadvantages in its details, perhaps not least that Descartes never thoroughly understood the dynamics that perforce formed its basis.

An equally ambitious but less systematic attempt to establish a mechanical philosophy was that of Robert Boyle. His corpuscular philosophy, as he called it, was avowedly more Baconian than Cartesian, though, in truth, no mechanical philosophy could be completely empirical since there could be no experimental detection of the ultimate particles of matter. Boyle, like Descartes, assumed the world to be composed by God of what he called 'those two grand and most catholic principles, matter and motion'. Unlike Descartes, he never tried to define the laws of motion under which his corpuscles moved; this restricted him to terrestrial physics which he investigated thoroughly. Boyle assumed that a few properties derived from the size and shape of the particles, but most properties he derived from the motion of the particles, and he brilliantly supported his conclusions with a wealth of experiment which, at least in his own eyes, firmly proved them. His most complete and most influential achievement was that he banished all occult forces and explained the seemingly inexplicable in firmly mechanical terms. It is Boyle's corpuscular

philosophy which lies at the root of Locke's sensationalist philosophy.

What the mechanical philosophy had to offer is best displayed by Newton who derived strains from both Descartes and Boyle. His detailed explanations reflect Boyle, though he substituted a pragmatic attraction for many of Boyle's more cumbersome impact explanations. Like Descartes, Newton believed that from a description of matter and from certain laws of motion one could derive a system of the world; how far he could do so was displayed in the *Principia*, which does just this. Newton had a profound belief that all the properties of matter should be expressible in dynamical terms, once they had been carefully studied by experiment. All his life he hoped to extend and perfect the mechanical philosophy in this way. The *Principia* showed how this could be done in the case of gravity, and contained hints towards other properties. Only with gravity was he entirely successful; considering the amount and power of the mathematical development required in this case it is not surprising that a lifetime did not suffice him for more. The importance of his success with gravity urged him and others towards unceasing further search.

For, by the end of the seventeenth century, scientists were convinced that the mechanical philosophy held the key to nature; the success of the mechanical approach in physics and astronomy led them to try it in other areas. Boyle had applied it to chemistry, with great success; his details of exposition did not stand, but his method and approach turned chemistry from its old role as mystical science or technical craft into a true physical science. Eagerly men tried to apply the mechanical philosophy to living nature. Within severe limits this was successful—indeed Harvey, before the development of the mechanical philosophy, had found the analogy between water-supply and blood-supply useful and stimulating. But literally applied it failed dismally and created the solemn and useless physiologies that necessarily generated a vitalistic revolt. Obviously the mechanical philosophy had its weaknesses. But its strengths were none the less real. In banishing occult forces and the qualities and forms of earlier physics it showed that nature need not be unknowable, and that a few simple principles might be the key to her understanding. And the mechanical philosophy led, as scholastic philosophy had not, to a real understanding of very many physical properties of the ordinary world.—*Third Programme*

This Age of Magnetism

By O. R. FRISCH

I STILL remember my excitement when, as a boy of ten or so, I was given my first magnet: a flat horseshoe of shiny steel, painted red except for the ends, which were called the poles. It would snatch up quite large nails, and the nail would itself become magnetized for the time, capable of carrying another nail. The magnetic influence—or the magnetic field as we call it—obviously spread through space, and this could actually be made visible: one had only to scatter some iron filings on a piece of cardboard, placed over the magnet, and, encouraged by slight tapping, the filings would unobtrusively rearrange themselves into a beautiful pattern of curved lines, called the lines of force, radiating from one pole and converging upon the other.

Nowadays we come across magnetism more and more often, both in our daily lives and in the study of chemistry, geology, or astronomy. Magnetic ink is being used on cheques so that the writing can be read by magnetic detectors; new ways of chemical analysis are being based on paramagnetic resonance, that is, the selective absorption of radio waves by the specimen, placed between the poles of a magnet. Here, however, I want to discuss two trends in particular: the development and use of new ferromagnetic materials, and the increasing significance of magnetic fields in geology and astronomy.

Ferromagnetic materials are those which become easily magnetized, just like iron. Their atoms—each of which is a tiny

magnet—are organized into large armies in which all the atomic magnets point in the same direction. The different armies (or magnetic domains, as we call them) are less than a thousandth of an inch in size and have different magnetization, usually pointing in random directions; so their magnetic effects are cancelled out. But the approach of a magnet, that is, the presence of a magnetic field, causes the atomic magnets in many domains to turn in the same direction, so that the material becomes strongly magnetized.

A piece of soft iron, on being removed from the magnetic field, loses most of its magnetism; but my red-painted horseshoe retained it because it was made from hard steel, containing carbon atoms which lock the magnetic domains so that they cannot change their orientation so easily. But, while the great sword-makers of Damascus knew, centuries ago, how to make steel of superb mechanical hardness, the problem of magnetic hardness has been tackled systematically only in the last few decades. Surprising alloys, for instance of iron, nickel, and aluminium, were developed, and today every hardware shop sells compact little magnets, still painted the traditional red, which are many times stronger than the wonder of my boyhood. There is such a magnet in your electric meter; there may be a magnetic knife-holder in your kitchen, and broadcast voices would not reach you but for a magnet in the loudspeaker.

In the last few years new magnetic materials have been developed which are not metals but mixed oxides of iron, manganese, aluminium, and others. These so-called ferrites are made by firing (like pottery) and can be called ferromagnetic ceramics. Their great merit is that they are electric insulators and therefore do not carry parasitic electric currents (so-called eddy currents) when their magnetization changes rapidly. For instance, a ferrite rod a few inches long will respond strongly to the rapidly varying magnetic field in the radio waves, and if one winds it with copper wire one gets a sensitive and strongly directional radio aerial of small size; in the same way the various coils in a portable radio can be made much smaller by winding them on ferrite cores.

Memory Cells for Computers

By varying the composition one can also make ferrites which are magnetically hard. They are used frequently as 'memory cells' in electronic computers. In a typical ferrite-core memory several thousand tiny ferrite rings—perhaps one-eighth of an inch in diameter—are threaded on to thin copper wires forming a regular network, with one ferrite ring at each intersection. A pulse of electric current in two of those wires will cause one particular ring—the one at their intersection—to be magnetized either one or the other way round. Additional wires can be used later to 'interrogate' the ring, giving a different signal depending on which way round it is magnetized. Another well-known memory device is the tape recorder. Here a plastic tape, covered with a thin layer of a powdered ferrite, moves past a small electromagnet, designed so that its magnetic field is concentrated in a narrow line across the tape. As the current in the magnet varies in conformity with the sound one wants to record, a pattern of varying magnetization is imprinted on the moving tape. The same magnet can be used to convert the magnetic pattern back into electric currents which can be amplified so as to operate a loudspeaker or a radio transmitter.

The oldest magnet known to mankind is a natural ferrite that occurs in magnetized lumps and is called lodestone or magnetite. It was probably in China that the great discovery was made that a lodestone, or a steel needle rubbed against a lodestone, would always point to the north when freely suspended. Records of the magnetic compass go back to about the tenth century; much later it was realized that the Earth on which we live must be a huge magnet. Its two poles are in Canada and in the Antarctic respectively. But that was not always so; in historic times the magnetic pole has moved many hundred miles, and prehistoric records show that it has wandered as far as India and Hawaii.

Those prehistoric records have only recently been uncovered: they were kept for us by uncounted millions of iron-oxide particles, each a microscopic compass needle, which floated down through the oceans and became embedded in what are now our sedimentary rocks. By cutting out a rock specimen and testing its very weak magnetism we can find out which way the Earth's magnetic field was pointing when the rocks were laid down (one must, of course, allow for any folding they may have suffered since). Thus magnetism has unexpectedly become a very valuable tool for the geologist. Many more measurements in many different places are still needed; but already there is evidence in favour of the old speculation that the American continent was once in one piece with Europe and Africa—the coast lines show some similarity—and has drifted away over a thousand million years, with the Atlantic slowly getting wider.

Lines of Force

Let us take a quick ride into space, about as far as the Moon, and look at the Earth below us. There it is, a slowly turning sphere, white round the poles, with the oceans like dull metal, the continents in faint shades of green and brown, and the cloud areas like splashes of white paint. With my physicist's imagination, I can see still more: I can see the magnetic lines of force sprouting from the polar regions, curving gracefully outward like palm leaves and joining smoothly with the lines that come to meet them from the other pole. In the tropics the lines of force rise in a shallow arch that strikes the ground again soon, rather like the trajectory of an artillery shell fired across the equator at low elevation. Further north (and south) they rise more steeply and

to much greater height before flattening out over the equator and bending down again. I can see as many lines as I like, for they are not real discrete lines but merely help us to visualize the magnetic field by indicating, at each point, the direction a compass needle would point if it were placed there. This pattern can be calculated from our knowledge of the magnetic field near the surface of the Earth; but there is also experimental evidence from the way the magnetic field affects the cosmic radiation, that fine rain of fast, electrically charged particles that is coming from space all the time.

An electrically charged particle in a magnetic field is deflected sideways, across the lines of force, the more so the slower it moves. A positively charged particle, approaching the Earth near the equator, will be deflected eastward and will strike the ground obliquely; if it is not fast enough it will miss the Earth altogether and go back into space. In fact we find that the particles arrive obliquely, mostly from the west, and this shows that most of them are positively charged. Nearer the poles even slow particles can reach the ground by spiralling along the lines of force, and this again is confirmed by observations.

The coming of high-altitude rockets and of artificial satellites has made it possible to explore the magnetic field in space directly. In addition they have revealed the existence of an intense belt of radiation several hundred miles up; this radiation consists of particles which neither strike the Earth nor return into space, but are permanently entangled in the magnetic field, winding their way round the lines of force, back and forth like homeless commuters between the northern and southern regions. Where they dip lowest toward the atmosphere, near the poles, they occasionally strike an atom and cause it to emit light; this is what causes the aurora, those northern and southern lights whose pink and green rays and curtains illuminate the long polar night.

In the Gaseous Nebulae

Not only does the magnetic field affect charged particles; a stream of charged particles represents an electric current, and hence produces a magnetic field. This mutual interaction between charged particles and magnetic fields is complex and almost impossible to calculate in detail except for very simple types of motion. In our solar system gravity is the dominant force; but magnetism appears to be important in the gaseous nebulae, fuzzy luminous clouds that you can see in a telescope. The gas in those nebulae is highly ionized, that is it consists mostly of electrons and electrically charged atoms. If there is a magnetic field present it will affect them both; they spiral about the lines of force and are, as it were, entangled with them. Such a gas cannot move freely, forming gusts and eddies like the air does on a windy day; the lines of force would have to be dragged along, and they resist rather like rubber strings. By observing the polarization of the light that comes to us from those nebulae we find that they probably do contain magnetic fields; many thousand times weaker than that on Earth it is true; but even that is sufficient to make the ionized gas in a nebula behave rather like a very thin jelly.

There is a theory that our solar system was once a slowly rotating cloud of gas, the inner part of which contracted into a huge whirlpool and eventually became the Sun while the rest became the planets. On this view it has always been a puzzle why the Sun turns as slowly as it does, about once in a month. Now we think we know why: the original gas cloud may have contained a magnetic field whose rubber-like lines of force stopped that whirlpool from getting too fast, making the whole mass behave more like a jelly than a gas. And this may even have been true, on a still vaster scale, during the origin of our Milky Way and of those other galaxies whose spiral structure has long puzzled the astronomers. If this is true, magnetism is the most important force in the universe at large; and we have gone a long way from the little red horseshoe that gave me so much pleasure when I was a boy.—*Network Three*

Help for the Arts, a report written for the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation by Lord Bridges, the Countess of Albemarle, Mr. Noel Annan, and Sir George Barnes, has now been published, price 3s., and may be obtained from the Foundation, 3 Prince Albert Road, London, N.W.1.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 17-23

Wednesday, June 17

Police in Southern Rhodesia arrest about eighty members of the African National Congress which has been declared illegal in the territory

Details are announced of the B.B.C.'s new system for transmitting television films across the Atlantic

A number of printing firms close owing to the dispute in the industry

Thursday, June 18

South African police clash with a crowd of 3,000 rioting Africans in Durban

Standard Motor Company at Coventry agrees to reinstate the 117 men dismissed over a dispute about piece-work

Mr. de Valera is elected new President of the Republic of Ireland by a majority of 120,000 votes over his opponent, General MacEoin

Friday, June 19

Mr. Khrushchev, speaking at the Kremlin, emphasizes that Russia is not prepared to make any compromise over the question of Berlin

Many more firms close down because of the printing dispute

The discovery of the remains of an ancient circus during excavations in Rome is described as being one of the most important archaeological discoveries of recent years

Saturday, June 20

The Geneva Conference adjourns until July 13

The Dalai Lama, in a speech at Mussoorie, India, accuses the Chinese Communists of trying to 'wipe out the Tibetan nation'

England wins the second Test match against the Indians at Lord's by eight wickets

Sunday, June 21

A statement by the British Federation of Master Printers and the Newspaper Society says that the stoppage in the printing industry is almost complete

The trial opens in Khartoum of two former Sudanese Ministers accused of trying to overthrow the regime

British cars gain first and second place in the twenty-four-hour race at Le Mans

Monday, June 22

It is announced that the Government is to spend an extra £500,000 in 1960 to increase the flow of British books and periodicals abroad

Production at the Jaguar car works in Coventry is stopped by a strike of 200 men. Boilermakers at Birkenhead, who have been on strike for eight weeks, agree to return to work

Tuesday, June 23

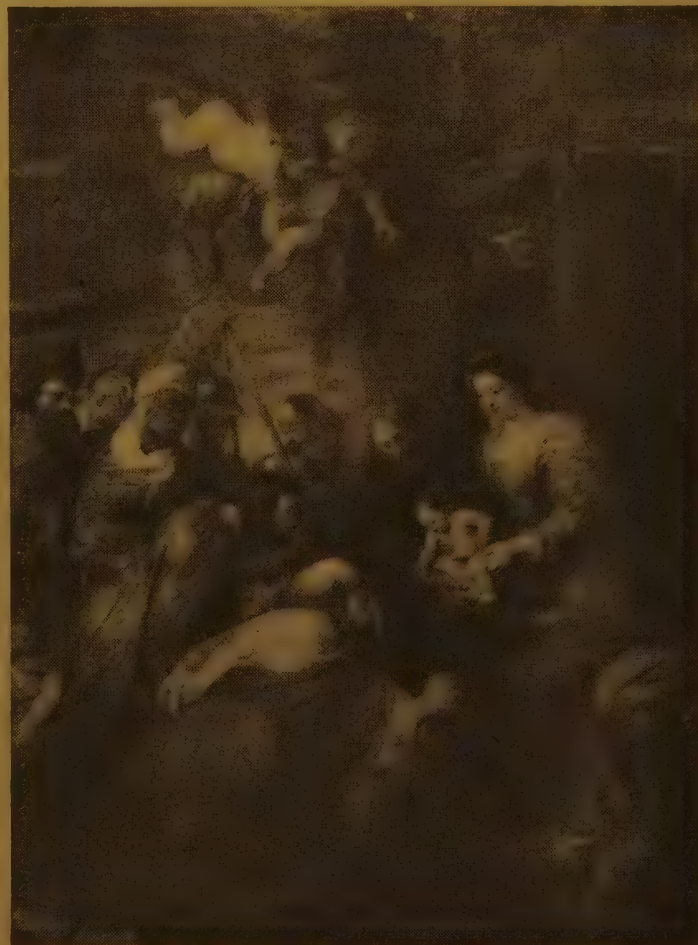
Prime Minister gives views about Geneva conference in answer to questions in Commons

Leaders of T.U.C. endorse Labour Party's new statement about use of nuclear weapons by Britain

Dr. Karl Fuchs, the atomic scientist, is released from prison and flown to East Germany



The Queen being presented with a bouquet by the granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Smallwood, Prime Minister of Newfoundland (right), when Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at St. John's on June 18 to start a 15,000-mile tour of Canada



'The Adoration of the Magi', Peter Paul Rubens's great altarpiece, which was put up for auction at Sotheby's, London, yesterday with other works of art in the collection of the late Duke of Westminster. Appeals have been made that it should be acquired for the nation and not be allowed to go out of the country. Right: the Westminster tiara, from the same collection



A close finish to the Gold Cup race on the turf of Royal Ascot on June 18: Wallaby II, ridden by F. Palmer (right), winning by a short head of Alcide





Part of the crowd which gathered outside the city hall of West Berlin on June 17 when a rally was held commemorating the uprising in East Germany six years ago



Supporters of the Communist Government of Kerala State (the only Communist-controlled State in India) hurling stones at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic School in Trivandrum, the capital, on June 15 after the school had closed in protest against the Government's new educational laws. Elsewhere in the State last week the Opposition's campaign of 'non-violent' action against the Government continued



The British cable-laying ship 'Ocean Layer' photographed from the air as she was towed home last week by a German tug after catching fire about 1,700 miles west of Ushant on June 15. All ninety-eight members of the crew were rescued by the German ship 'Flavia'



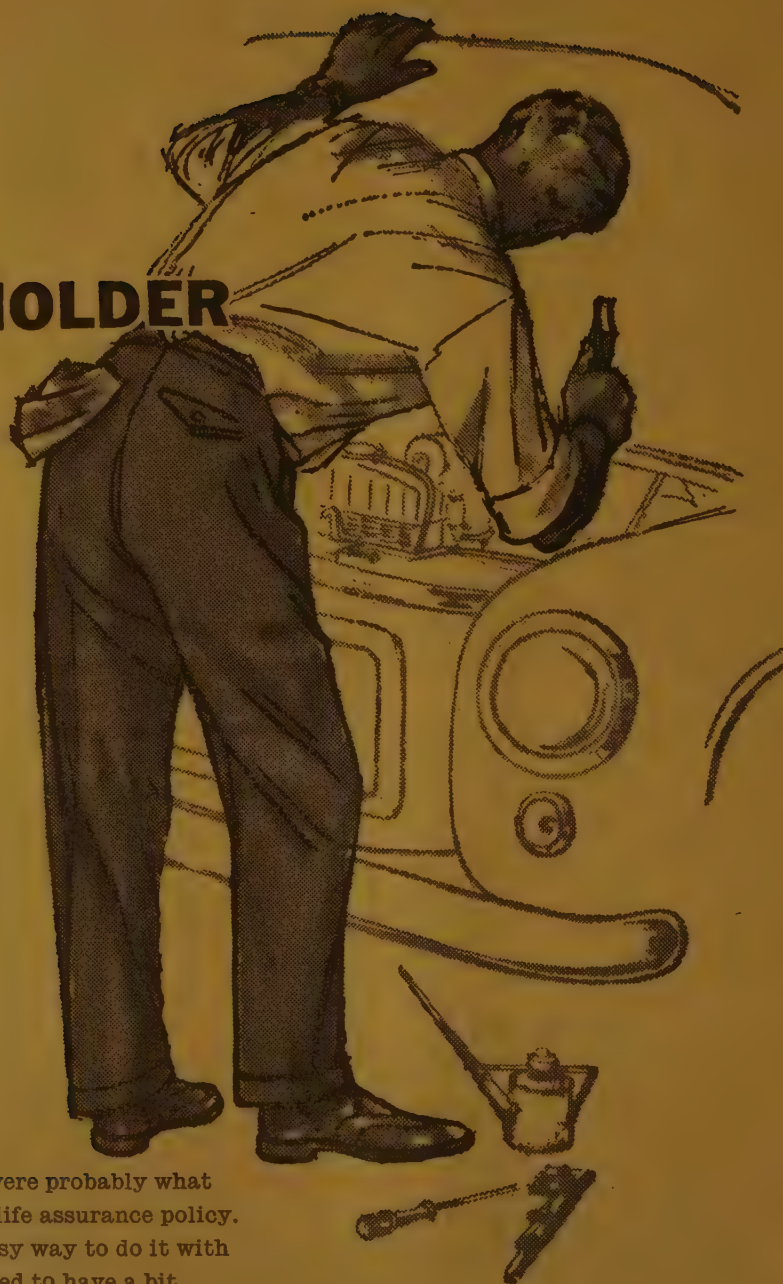
Jon Vickers as Jason and Maria Callas as Medea in a scene from the first act of Luigi Cherubini's opera *Medea* which opened at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on June 17 (see page 1128)

Houston Rogers

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Conservative Party Political Broadcast

The Government and the Individual

In this Conservative Party political broadcast Mrs. Henry Brooke, Vice-Chairman of the Party Organization, discusses various questions with Miss Susan Walker, who has worked for the party for many years, and Mr. Martin Huggins, an undergraduate in his third year.

MRS. HENRY BROOKE: 'Party Political Broadcast'—it sounds so dull. I would like to call it: 'What people want and have a right to expect from life'. Anyway, that's what I'm going to talk about. After all, politics is the art of organizing a community so that people can live happily and successfully together. If that doesn't mean making sure that people get at least a part of what they want from life, it means nothing. But the truth is that the word politics has been too often used by stupid or unscrupulous people to describe the particular doctrines they happen to favour. To some people it's come to sound rather disreputable.

Having said that, perhaps I'd better introduce myself properly. I grew up as a parson's daughter in an industrial town in South Wales. Now, a parson's daughter has to take a lot of notice of what other people need and expect from life. As a girl I sometimes ran country camps for children living in the crowded back streets of Gloucester. That taught me a lot. Then I worked in the wards of a London hospital as a student nurse. Now I'm married and have four children.

What do we all want from life? Perhaps that's too big a question for a fifteen-minute talk. Give me an hour sometime and I'll gladly tackle that one. Meanwhile, let's take a little bit of the big question. Let's take half a dozen basic requirements which any ordinary man or woman wants, and let's consider which policy is most likely to give it to them. That's a simple enough issue, isn't it? Of course, there can be a lot of different opinions about what things we want from life. So I've brought two friends to the studio to say what they're thinking—Susan Walker, who's worked for the party for so many years, and Martin Huggins, who's an undergraduate in his third year. Well, Martin, let's have your ideas first.

Martin Huggins: Well now, you're asking our ideas of what a political party in office should concentrate on doing for individual men and women? Right?

Mrs. Brooke: Right.

Susan Walker: And can we cut out all the pompous political jargon? Phrases like stones being unturned; avenues explored, and disinflationary pressures, and things like that?

Huggins: Why not? My first basic requirement would be peace.

Miss Walker: Mine is a roof over one's head.

Huggins: Then good jobs.

Miss Walker: Plenty to eat.

Huggins: And a good home.

Miss Walker: Freedom to work and earn and enjoy oneself.

Huggins: Good schools and a chance to get on.

Miss Walker: And, I think, some sense of ownership and a chance for private enterprise.

Mrs. Brooke: Here, hold on! We haven't got much time. The first one you said was peace. I think people are confused about the pros and cons of the H-bomb argument.

Miss Walker: I'm not confused. It seems clear enough to me. As things are at present we've got to be strong if we're going to have peace.

Mrs. Brooke: The H-bomb is one of our

greatest anxieties. I get so angry when I hear some of the politicians trying to make party capital out of this matter of life and death: trying to imply that the Conservative Party doesn't really care about the safety of the people of this country. The Prime Minister himself has given the lie to all of this by what he has said in the House of Commons. No man could have made greater personal efforts for peace than Mr. Macmillan. And I believe his efforts are going to succeed.

Miss Walker: Surely the thing to aim for is to get every country to put the same co-operative effort into agreeing to give up the manufacturing and testing of H-bombs. The same sort of international co-operation we are putting into the development of medical research.

Huggins: Like the doctors who have just been to Russia to do the hole-in-the-heart operation. They had the right idea.

Mrs. Brooke: What next?

Miss Walker: A roof over one's head.

Mrs. Brooke: A roof over one's head. And you may not realize that one person in every seven is living under a roof of their own in a new house or flat built since the Conservatives came to power.

Huggins: I must say I didn't realize that. That's quite something.

Mrs. Brooke: Yes, one person in every seven; and the Conservatives attach enormous importance to the idea that an Englishman's home is his castle, and so do the Welsh, like me.

Miss Walker: And so do the Scots. But what you've said does bring me to my point.

Mrs. Brooke: Which was?

Miss Walker: Some sense of ownership.

Mrs. Brooke: I do so agree. In the last eight years the Conservatives have done more to make this possible for everyone by raising the standard of living. Life's more fun nowadays. Every other family gets away for a holiday. There are more television sets than ever before, and radio, too. There's a washing machine in every third home. Every other home has a vacuum cleaner; one family in four has a car. And now, besides old-age pensions having been raised three times, those with the greatest need are to share in this general advance by the improvement of rates of National Assistance.

Miss Walker: But let's be sensible about this. These things are not any use without electricity. What about the country districts?

Mrs. Brooke: Well, thanks to our five-year programme of electrification three out of four farms have now got main electricity—and think, too, of all these people who are now enjoying the benefits of piped water flowing through a tap.

Huggins: Susan, you've coupled ownership with private enterprise?

Miss Walker: But of course.

Mrs. Brooke: And quite right, too. Hasn't it ever occurred to you that private enterprise, which the socialists sometimes hold up as anti-social, begins in the home?

Miss Walker: But most of all in your own home.

Mrs. Brooke: What is a home if it's not the place where all the members of the family learn to stand on their own feet? Where they grow from being children to being reasonable citizens.

Miss Walker: Have them, love them, and leave them be.

Mrs. Brooke: And the 'leaving them be' is the difficult part. It's a bit hard when parents have tried to give them some sense of leadership and responsibility, some capacity for stepping out

over the threshold of life into a world of adventure, to find their children condemned by socialism to the comprehensive school system for everybody.

Huggins: Tell us more about what this Government has done for education?

Mrs. Brooke: It's done a lot, Martin. In the first place it has increased the opportunities to learn. Conservatives produced 1,000,000 new school places in four years. Last year a new secondary school was completed every day.

Huggins: Every day?

Mrs. Brooke: Yes: you see we've developed in this country a system of grammar schools and technical schools which offers the best education in the world for children of high intellectual ability. But not every child has that capacity. We believe that we should develop the same degree of excellence in our secondary schools. This, of course, is for the benefit of our average children.

Miss Walker: I'm afraid that's the category most of us belong to.

Mrs. Brooke: But all of this will be wasted unless a similar development is happening in technical education.

Miss Walker: But of course it is. My brother-in-law is a teacher and he tells me that great progress has been made in this direction. He's always pointing out the future for teachers in this particular branch of the profession. Of course I know education is important, but character means a lot too.

Mrs. Brooke: The socialists never seem to me to have a very hopeful view of human nature. Do you remember the prominent socialist who said: 'Housewives can't be trusted to buy all the right things where nutrition and health are concerned'?

Miss Walker: Yes, that was Douglas Jay. Martin, you mentioned a chance to get on.

Mrs. Brooke: What had you in mind?

Huggins: A real chance to get to the top. The hope of expansion with new industries built on new techniques. I see that our electronics industry has increased fivefold and it is now the second largest in the world. We want to feel that if we put extra effort into our work it will count. We don't want to see that all our earnings are being swallowed up in taxation.

Mrs. Brooke: Well, this month everybody's having a good income-tax rebate in their pay packets—thanks to the Budget, Mr. Amory.

Miss Walker: We've come to look for this under the Tories in the last eight years.

Mrs. Brooke: That's because the whole country is gaining confidence. We know now what can be done when people who know their job are able to get on with it.

Huggins: I must say I wish there was a bit more competition—the old 'get on yourself' spirit.

Miss Walker: The other day when a famous tennis player was asked what kind of people she admired, she said: 'Anyone who has got to the top in their own particular job'. Now, if socialism, instead of encouraging suspicion on the part of the employee towards the employer encouraged trust and co-operation...

Mrs. Brooke: On both sides...

Miss Walker: Yes, both sides... we shouldn't have the sort of thing which has occurred this last week where work had to be stopped largely because of mutual lack of confidence on both sides.

Huggins: If only socialism would face the fact

Knight's move, or castle's?

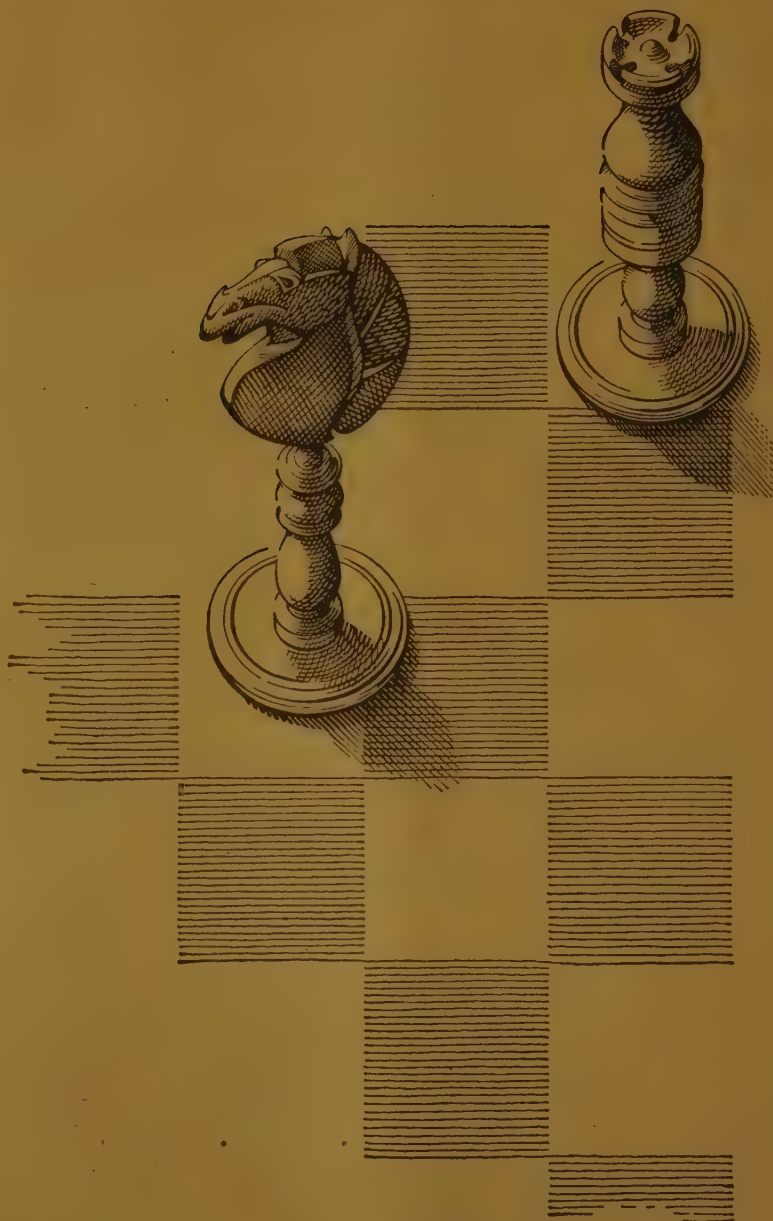
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



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that some people can't and won't take responsibility, and others can and will if they can get it. Is there anything more frustrating than seeing a man in power who is scared of it?

Miss Walker: Yes, to see a man who could take it but who can't get the chance.

Huggins: You know, what baffles me is that all the things we've been talking about are surely a matter of common sense. Surely any honest and intelligent person, whether Conservative or socialist, would agree about the substance of our discussion.

Miss Walker: I'm not so sure; but whether they would or not, it's the socialist way of going about it which is so different. This equality business—wasn't it Winston Churchill who once said: 'I don't so much mind being told we must all be equal, it's this trying to keep us equal which is so tedious'? I really do blame socialism. I blame their infectious 'the world owes us a living' attitude. What a difference there would be in pride of achievement, pride of craftsmanship, if young people are encouraged to think: 'I may not be as good as you are now, but you give me opportunity and reasonable encouragement and I'll make the grade'.

Huggins: I agree with you completely. People of my age don't want to carry on the old hates and the old suspicions of socialism. We want co-operation in industry, mutual confidence and mutual respect.

Miss Walker: I would respect the socialists much more but for their habit of trying to scare the wits out of ordinary people for purely party

ends. Talking about waves of evictions under the Rent Act and toryism meaning war and hardship. Their most famous effort was the 'whose finger on the trigger scare' in 1951. All of these, being totally unfounded, came to nothing. The great thing to remember about socialist scares of this kind is that they always do come to nothing.

Mrs. Brooke: Time's running on. I wonder if I should have said more about what the Tories have done for women.

Miss Walker: No, I don't think so. They know most of it already. The Tories gave women an equal vote with men in 1928. The Tories put women in the House of Lords last year. The Tories took off controls and rationing and—very important—for the last twelve months the Tories have kept the cost of living steady; in fact it was down a point yesterday.

Mrs. Brooke: Yes, they've done a really first-class job of work.

Miss Walker: Mrs. Brooke, what do you think is the most important thing that women can do towards achieving the aims of what we've been discussing?

Mrs. Brooke: Well now, I think that's an easy question to answer. I am quite clear that they can and should encourage everyone they come in contact with to be more politically aware. We are politically grown up now with a great tradition of constitutional government behind us—the greatest in the world. We have outgrown, or should have outgrown, the notion that women shouldn't concern themselves with politics.

Miss Walker: Would you mind summing it all up for us in a few sentences?

Mrs. Brooke: I'll try. I'd like to see women broadly assert the truth behind Walter Scott's almost forgotten lines. Come on, Susan, you say it.

Miss Walker: 'This is my own, my native land'.

Mrs. Brooke: That's it. I'd like to see women insisting that this is our land, our constitution: these are our customs and this is our way of life. And we're all responsible for them. Women have got the power to shape that way of life, by voting for the people who believe in this. When people lose the sense of political responsibility...

Huggins: That's what happened in Hitler's Germany.

Mrs. Brooke: Of course it did. When people anywhere lose a sense of political responsibility they're heading for disaster. The spark of political awareness still flickers in a great many people but unless we blow upon the dying embers the fire will go out. I am quite sure that women can keep alive our deep-rooted sense of patriotism, but even that, as Edith Cavell told us, is not enough. 'We must have no bitterness or hatred for anyone'.

I suppose we have a long way to go to build a political tradition on that foundation, but I believe that under the present Government we have already made a start. About one thing I am quite certain, the example—I mean the example of being practical and realistic about these things—has got to come from women. I believe it can, and will.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Forgotten Galleries

Sir,—I could not be other than interested in Mr. Quentin Bell's third essay on the theme of 'Forgotten Galleries' (THE LISTENER, June 18). His comments are illuminating and in accordance with what one expects from an 'informed' visitor from the south.

By whom is the Glasgow gallery forgotten? In my experience—and I was in charge of its activities for fifteen years—rarest among our visitors were the art critics and writers, and when they did come their surprise almost obliterated their preconceived ideas.

May I be permitted to comment on two points in Mr. Bell's generous appreciation of the collection of French paintings? In enthusiastic terms he refers to Cézanne's painting, 'Zola's House at Médan'. I brought this picture back from New York in the mid-nineteen-thirties. I thought this was a sure thing for the National Gallery in London. They were not interested, and it could have been got for about £4,000. Then I became aware of a gentle campaign of smear: 'Have you seen the Cézanne at the Lefevre Galleries?' 'Yes, but are you sure it's a Cézanne? And besides, old chap, isn't it much too early?' Later it was acquired by Sir William Burrell to become a feature in his notable collection of French paintings. Naturally I am delighted to have Mr. Quentin Bell's view that it is a masterpiece.

Poor Salvador Dali! Compared now to 'a drunken lout who has been sick on the carpet'. Dear! Dear! I am generally held responsible for having brought this drunk into the parlour. (How reminiscent of what they said of Walt

Whitman and of Millais when his 'Christ in the Carpenter's Shop' was first exhibited—now in the Tate.) Time will tell how great was the error of judgment. Meanwhile, there is some consolation to be derived from the fact that we know who painted the picture and we did not pay a fantastic sum for the art of the restorer.

Apart altogether from the polemics incidental to an aesthetic approach which I regard as the right of any artist, surely Mr. Quentin Bell has forgotten one thing he has in common with Dali. Why is he writing these articles, 'Forgotten Galleries'? Is it not to draw people into them? That is precisely what the Dali painting at Glasgow is doing. The implications concealed in the situation might seem to merit some research.—Yours, etc.,

Glasgow

T. J. HONEYMAN

The Spanish Bullfight

Sir,—To compare, as Mr. Alistair Cooke does, the bullfight, in which aged horses are gored, after having their vocal cords cut so that they cannot offend the 'sensibilities' of their audience with their agonized screams, and bulls are mercilessly slaughtered, with the harmless pastime of cricket, is surely a little unreasonable. He is, however, right in saying that the bullring has religious connexions. The slaying of bulls was a prominent feature of many pagan religions from the days when the Sicilian priests of Ceres slaughtered bulls to welcome the yearly return of her daughter from the Kingdom of Pluto.

But the more direct connexion of religion with the modern bullfight is provided by Mithraism, Christianity's chief rival for the first

four centuries of our era, many rites and values of which, as I have shown in my book *Mithras: The Fellow in the Cap*, have been retained by the perhaps all too Catholic Church. Mithras, the sun-god, was pre-eminently the slayer of the bull from whose blood all good things were born. This led eventually, in Roman times, to the repellent institution of the Taurobolium where the initiate sat in a pit under a grille on which a bull was slain and received a laver of this 'redeeming' blood. The Spanish bullfight, with its insensitivity to the sufferings of sentient creatures, has, therefore, a disreputable history, and is no credit to a country calling itself Christian. It may well be that the cruelty sometimes attributed to the Spanish nature has been nurtured by the Church's tolerance of this barbarous and violent relic of paganism.—Yours, etc.,

Selsey

ESMÉ WYNNE-TYSON

Ibsen's Symbolism

Sir,—When Ibsen's symbolism is under scrutiny (THE LISTENER, June 18) I feel as Whitehead felt about Christian mysticism; it is an arrow fired into the air but one never sees it land. I wish that some scholar would describe or explore the Scandinavian impact on Europe as it begins with Kierkegaard and embraces Ibsen and Strindberg.

The idea is not so fulsome as it may sound. It struck Brandes, the Danish, Jewish, liberal, atheistic, dramatic critic sufficiently to ask Ibsen once what he owed to Kierkegaard! Ibsen replied, 'Nothing'. Again, Ibsen remarked that he had read little Kierkegaard, and understood less. My point is that Brandes was on to some-

thing. And I think it is this. Ibsen, the Norwegian, from say 1870 onwards, lived in the middle of Germany at a time when Hegelian idealism was out of favour. Brandes saw, I think, that Ibsen's plays, from *The Doll's House* onwards, could be written only by a Scandinavian dramatist acutely aware of the dichotomy that existed between Hegel's fantastic idealism and an existential reality as expressed in the work of Kierkegaard. Hence Brandes's question, and Ibsen's characteristic reply. Ibsen is a conceptual dramatist, and once these concepts were firmly grounded in his view of existence as a continual play between illusion and reality, the images, symbols, what you please, fall into place.

As an actor, I would say that Ibsen is the frontier between the classical and the modern playwright. He altered profoundly the dramatist's use of language, he was the first dramatist to find that the tragic could be contemporaneous, and that prose could best express this. The astonishing diversity of European drama which includes Chekhov, Pirandello, Shaw, Claudel, Sartre, Anouilh, Ionesco, Eliot (and reaches across the Atlantic to O'Neill and Tennessee Williams) springs from this Scandinavian impact. Humbly I would suggest to Jens Arup that he would be doing us all a service if he would tell us how this came about.—Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 ANDREW CRUICKSHANK

Damages and Income Tax

Sir,—Mr. Jolowicz, in his talk, suggests that logically there are two ways in which damages for loss of earnings can be regarded:

- (a) As reimbursement for lost income when the damages should be taxable in the plaintiff's hands;
- (b) As recompense for loss of a capital asset, earning capacity, which should not be so taxable.

Agreed: but in case (b) he goes on to suggest that the earning capacity should be taken at its gross value. Why? Surely the asset should be valued at its worth to the owner, and in these terms the asset lost is a capacity to earn a net income. Why on earth should a defendant have to compensate the plaintiff for the capital value of an income more than he has lost?
Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

B. WRIGLEY

Crime in the Welfare State

Sir,—May I enlarge upon the social aspect of the problem outlined by Dr. Terence Morris in his valuable talk about crime in the Welfare State and its high incidence among the unskilled, published in *THE LISTENER* of June 4?

Experience induces me to suggest that both during secondary modern schooling and after, both inside and outside the 'classic delinquency area', there is much half-suppressed unrest among young (especially male) unskilled workers and unskilled workers-to-be and among some elders of the same occupational class. For them, psycho-social fulfilment has failed to accompany or be afforded by social security: what most seem to need are live recreational interests and consciousness of living for a purpose. One or other of these deficiencies may occur among individuals of all classes, but their association, bringing about a negative outlook, is most likely to occur among the unskilled, whose condition is often aggravated through insecurity of employment and an inadequate standard of living.

And their relation to the rest of society is changing adversely. The horizons of opportunity

are known to be extending in all directions, but for the unskilled these new vistas of material achievement are out of reach and likely to remain so, because failure to find room in an occupation that offers the prospect of training leading to responsible or qualified status in a trade or profession is an insurmountable barrier to individual progress in an age that emphasizes the indispensableness of technical skill.

Their education finished in hard schools of deprivation, frustration, and disappointment; their leisure time largely spent in the enjoyment of forms of entertainment that afford only transient satisfactions, it is small wonder that the backward and the untrained sullenly regard the enveloping culture that makes all worth-while ambition appear unfulfillable; that they cannot care less as to what the future holds for them—their status as Bottom People is assured.

The abolition of National Service means, for many, losing the chance of a fresh start, and the onward movement of the post-war 'age-bulge' scarcely fosters optimism. Society generally (including some of the politicians) encourages aspirations and expectations deserving of gratification in adulthood yet fails to provide a satisfactory reality. As a by-product of this condition there is the belief of some 'underdogs' that society or a section of it (for instance a body of recent immigrants) is intent on conspiring or competing against them.—Yours, etc.,
Great Braxted GRAHAM HATTON

The Gypsies of Britain

Sir,—Discussing gypsies, Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald seems to be indulging in typical Gypsy Lore Society mythology. In the English south country anyway, such comparative paragon as he describes live on only in the minds of this society's members.

Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald's inferences are misleading. His gypsies speak fluent Romanes. In fact the average, southern 'traveller' has a vocabulary of only about 100 words—a jargon with very limited scope, with which he could communicate as well with a Hungarian Romani as I could with a Mongolian! Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald's people are true nomads; he infers that they roam the whole country at random, even venturing abroad, whereas in truth most 'travellers' have very regular beats and sometimes these extend only a few miles.

Those gypsies of myth practise extreme personal cleanliness. But how can this quality be compatible with the impossibility of bathing, infrequency of washing clothes or person, the often miry camp sites, and the constant dealing with smoky fires and sooty utensils? Gypsies are scruffy campers. Perhaps Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald's friends amongst them were exceptions and buried all refuse before leaving a site.

I might be accused: 'But you are describing half-breeds, diddicois. What about the full-blooded Romani?' But south-country gypsies now are a heterogeneous tribe of red-heads, blondes, and traditionally swarthy types. The dark Romani does not ostracize his fair cousin. They are all travellers, a very mixed lot but still a brotherhood.

Anyone wishing for genuine description of the modern traveller's life should refer to Mr. Dominic Reeve's recent candid writings. These are free of all pedantry and romanticism.

Yours, etc.,

Cheam

M. J. F. RENBY

Sir,—Among the Romanes words used in our daily speech (*THE LISTENER*, June 18) Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald instances a cup of 'char' and 'chores'. William Dampier, the West-Country buccaneer and navigator, in his *Voyage Round the World* in 1687 describes the drinking of tea in China: 'Women sitting in the streets, and selling dishes of tea hot and ready made; they call it Chau, and even the poorest people sip it'.

Was 'char' a Chinese word imported by the Romanies? At any rate our daily 'chores' are Elizabethan: *Antony and Cleopatra* IV. xv. 75: 'the maid that milks/And does the meanest chares'. The word derives from O.E. *cierr* = 'turn' or 'occasion', hence a 'turn of work', and would thus seem to be another example of linguistic pilfering by the gypsies.

Yours, etc.,

Chilcompton

ROBIN ATTHILL

John Ireland's Music

Sir,—After reading Mr. Julian Herbage's article on the music of John Ireland (*THE LISTENER*, June 4), one begins to wonder if he actually listens to music at all. To apply the epithets thick, woolly, and coarse to the tone of the large-bore horn, when he could if he wished listen to the playing of Mr. Douglas Moore or Mr. Edmund Chapman, to mention only two artists amongst those playing this instrument, is too absurd even to contradict; the facts speak for themselves.

As for the large-bored instrument being 'keyed', what conceivable difference can it make to the tone of a brass instrument that its valves should be rotary rather than piston action? Perhaps Mr. Herbage imagines that a keyed horn has some affinity with the key bugle which has large holes in the instrument tube. A visit to a concert hall should convince him of his error in this respect.

Like Mr. Herbage I greatly admired the lovely tone produced by the late Mr. Aubrey Brain, but if Mr. Herbage would compare this tone with that of, say, French players using the same type of instrument he will find no resemblance whatsoever. As has been repeatedly pointed out by musicians, tone is not a matter of instruments, but of school.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.1

C. V. BRIGHTMORE

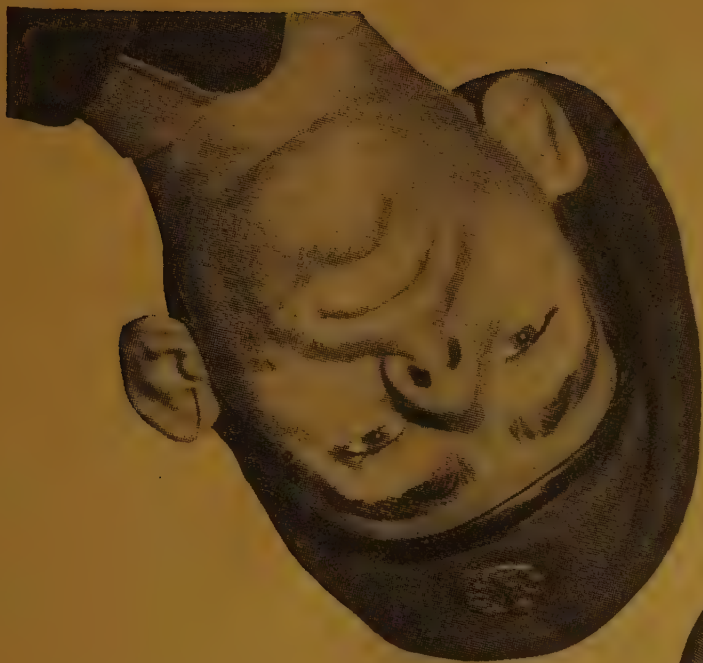
[Mr. Herbage writes:

'Mr. Brightmore may accuse me of prejudice but not, I think, ignorance in describing the German wide-bore horn as "thick, woolly, and coarse" in comparison with the French instrument. I studied and played both the horn and the trumpet in the early 'twenties, and my teachers on both instruments were established London symphonic players.

'If I remember aright, the German wide-bore keyed instrument was first introduced into British orchestras around 1934, mainly by John Denison, who was then playing in the London Philharmonic Orchestra. This instrument, on account of both its bore and key system, made the horn a much less precarious instrument than it had formerly been, though Aubrey Brain for one would never accept what he regarded as its inferiority of tone.

'I agree that tone-quality is largely a matter of school, and admire the feats of such players as Douglas Moore and Edward Chapman on the wide-bore German instrument, but even such great experts cannot reproduce today the now almost lost tone of the French horn'.]

The name of the architect of the new Mermaid Theatre was misprinted in Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis's letter last week. It is Mr. Elidir Davies.

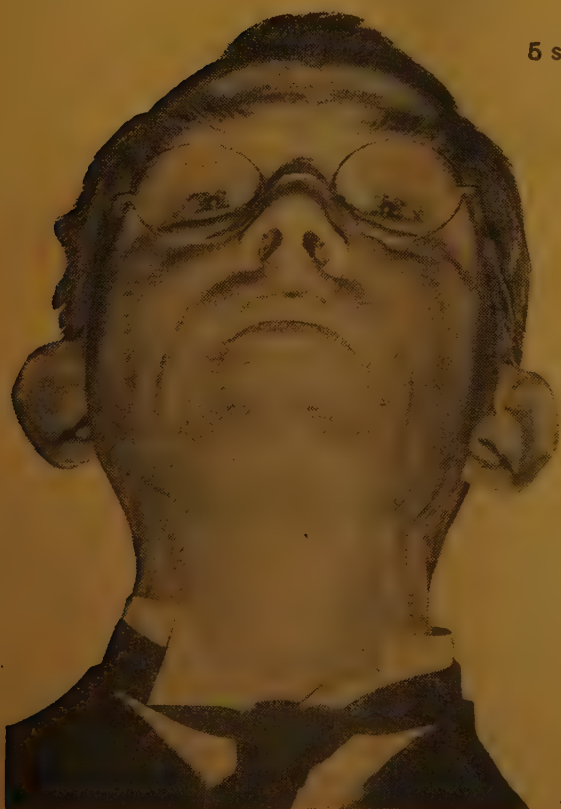


YOU ARE A NUMBER

Number off from the right. That's you. To be added up and divided, to be subtracted and multiplied. Ledger clerks tot you up on blotters, smart-Alec crooks cook you in their books. Think of you as a number . . . double you . . . take you away as you were first thought of. And there you are, a little bewildered—but single or

engaged, a number. An Edinburgh telephone number—

to be dialled (yes, dialled) from Bristol in just 5 seconds flat. That's by GRACE (Group Routing and Charging Equipment), a robot step forward by the General Post Office. G.E.C. helped design, develop and deliver GRACE to Bristol . . . helped convert you from a "Number please" into a new-fangled number to be dialled direct. By 1970, when GRACE has grown up a little, you'll be dialled on three-quarters of all trunk calls in Britain . . . that's the way things are shaping at the G.E.C. these days.



Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

CANALETTO'S work in England, the subject of an exhibition of his paintings, drawings, and engravings at the Guildhall Art Gallery, has in general been more assiduously collected than praised. It has been decided that the English light and the English scene suited him less well than Venice and in the past there even grew up a legend that he never did visit England, which would have been a simple explanation of the inferior quality of the English landscapes. Whether such criticisms are just or no—it would have been easier to decide if the two views from Richmond House could have been borrowed from Goodwood—there can be no doubt that it is fascinating to see what the artist made of eighteenth-century England and how he reacted to so many scenes which must have struck him as being hopelessly unpicturesque.

For the English collectors who were his principal customers Canaletto's views of Venice were in effect enormously superior substitutes for the picture-postcards of today and no doubt complete topographical accuracy was both demanded and supplied. Such a training in verisimilitude, which has been thought to explain the gradual loss of breadth and freedom in Canaletto's later work—it is a loss which can be seen even more clearly in his drawings than in his paintings—enabled him to produce convincing representations of such alien scenes as the 'Ingresso della Piazza di Varik'; one may even feel that in this drawing the English character of the scene is intensified because it is viewed, as in Camille Pissarro's English landscapes, with an alert detachment that only a foreigner could have brought to bear.

Yet at times Canaletto seems to have given up all attempts at accuracy, as if in despair of doing justice to the barbaric buildings of the north. Gothic ornament certainly defeated him; not only did he use the fantastic handwriting, the singular loops and flourishes, which he had by then developed in such a way as to convert the vaulting of Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey into pure rococo, but he even decided that Eton College Chapel required domes on its turrets before he could bring himself to paint them. This view of Eton is, in fact, so astonishingly inaccurate that perhaps it ought really to be classed with the two capriccio landscapes, lent by a private collector in South Africa, which are among the most remarkable objects in the exhibition. Such *vedute ideate* were, of course, a regular branch of Italian landscape painting since the latter part of the seventeenth century but they gave Canaletto a unique opportunity to convey the impression that the landscape of Surrey made on his mind; where Birket Foster

saw thatched cottages and roses Canaletto found persons in Chinese costume boating on the river Mole and a Roman arch as well as a typical country church standing beside Box Hill.

It seems extraordinary that eighteenth-century portrait sculpture in England should not have been as generally appreciated as the

little to those who are not prepared to take an interest in Gilpin's ideas, but an interesting preface to the catalogue by Carl P. Barbier should enable the visitor to understand what it is all about.

Ten paintings by Francis Bacon from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James Bomford are shown at the Hanover Gallery. Among them are two large paintings of a Pope, done in 1953 and no doubt after some study of Velasquez's great portrait; these, like most of Bacon's paintings, convey an impression of extreme tension, a moment of crisis, which is not to be in any way explained. But perhaps it could be explained if we were to be shown all his pictures arranged in chronological order; we might then find that some arbitrary if arresting invention, such as the cage-like framework within which the figures are enclosed, had some comparatively simple and even accidental motivation. Thus the criss-cross of speckles which appears in a landscape shown here has also appeared in other works by Bacon and there is some reason to believe that he got the idea from observing the behaviour of a television screen. Why an artist who can compose with real breadth and firmness should require to be stimulated by such bizarre and fortuitous trivialities is not easy to understand but one must try to believe that he is not actuated by pure caprice.

James Taylor, at the Lefevre Gallery, is exceptional among English painters in that he has really belonged to the Salon de la Jeune Peinture, the social-realist army which has regularly filled to overflowing one of the very largest galleries in Paris. Some of his work, such as the large 'Paysage Urbain', is in the familiar manner of this school and not especially original although

executed with the highest professional competence. But there are some country landscapes, such as the view of a golf-course, that have a delicacy of touch and a charm of colour which suggests that the artist has quite naturally and easily grown out of his early and enforced preoccupation with factories and slums.

Wildenstein's Gallery offers 'highly important paintings', and so, indeed, some of them are. Rembrandt, Boucher, Hals, and Guardi make a somewhat slight and casual appearance, but there is a Patinir landscape of exceptionally high quality and some good German portraits. Among the nineteenth-century works there is a landscape by Renoir, 'Les Quais', in a subdued palette of browns and greys, a splendid still life of dahlias by Delacroix, and an early still life by Cézanne which looks trifling at first sight but eventually seems to have far more force and dignity than any of its more ambitious neighbours.



'Alexander Pope', by Louis François Roubiliac: from the exhibition of eighteenth-century portrait busts at Kenwood House

painted portraits of that age; it was not so at the time, for in 1738 Vertue observed that sculpture had 'of late years made greater advances than painting', but nowadays for one who knows Roubiliac there are hundreds who know Reynolds. The summer exhibition at Kenwood, with its excellent choice of works by Rysbrack, Roubiliac, Nollekens, Bacon, and several others should help us to do justice to these artists and to observe how brilliantly they managed to combine a truly Roman appreciation of individual character with a refinement of style and an accommodating address such as is hardly ever to be found in Roman portrait sculpture. The exhibition is combined with another which illustrates William Gilpin's views on the picturesque, mainly by means of his own pleasing little drawings but also by those of John Warwick Smith, Sawrey Gilpin, and others. It is an exhibition which would mean

The Listener's Book Chronicle

No Room in the Ark

By Alan Moorehead.

Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

Reviewed by ELSPETH HUXLEY

HUMAN BEINGS, IT SEEMS, are not only masters of creation but also destroyers of it, at least of any unfortunate species that do not (like dogs and cows and horses) become slaves of man. Even in our last bloody half-century, there has been no crueller tragedy than the wanton destruction of countless millions of animals in Africa, partly by so-called sportsmen but even more by people, both white and black, either intent on gain or simply seeking *lebensraum* and resolved not to share it.

Mr. Alan Moorehead has fallen a victim to the spell which surviving wild animals in their natural surroundings must cast upon all but the dulllest of soul, and tried to fix in print some of this compelling but elusive magic. In this, no one can fully succeed, but his plain, factual, forthright sentences—a sort of pipe-smoker's prose—deceptively bare and simple, convey the scene, and his reactions to it, with a telling clarity. His writing is rather like the African journeys he describes. For a while we drive along steadily without much incident, though never for a moment bored, when all of a sudden, like some exciting hill or creature, we encounter a perfect simile, such as the comparison of bat-eared foxes' ears with turning radar screens at airports, and pelicans awkwardly alighting with elderly gentlemen stepping off a moving bus; or a memorable piece of description, such as his wonderful glimpse of a male gorilla with 'the dignity and majesty of prophets', when his instinctive wish was not to flee but to go forward and get to know him, 'to communicate'. This is observation at its most sensitive, and reporting at its best.

The book itself is a bit of a hotch-potch, having been pieced together mainly from articles written for weekly journals. So it lacks pattern, there are some repetitions, proof reading has been careless, and there are even one or two minor mistakes. (The Kikuyu do not have 'libons', which are spelt laibons anyway, nor are Bantu and Negro synonymous terms.) More serious, Mr. Moorehead may unwittingly convey a false impression of abundance of surviving wild life. In fact he did the rounds of National Parks in eastern Africa, mere pockets of resistance (as it were) amid vast areas where game has been entirely exterminated, and all the animals he so delightfully describes were, in theory, protected from predatory humans. In a brief account of poaching in the Tsavo National Park he shows just how ineffective even this protection can be. He might have added a chapter on the precarious position of National Parks today, which has deteriorated even since much of this book was written, and on the still-continuing official slaughter of game as a method of controlling tsetse-borne diseases among cattle, even after recent scientific discoveries have exploded the main theories on which it was based. It would be a pity if Mr. Moorehead lulled his readers

into the false belief that the battle for survival of the few remaining large concentrations of wild animals has been won.

But his journeys are so beguilingly recounted and his own modest, candid, kindly personality so attractive that his book is a pleasure to read. The animals themselves, and a few of the wilder, unclothed people, look out from splendid photographs with irresistible grace and dignity, and with the pathos of the doomed. A fine, effulgent sunset glow of regret for an Africa dissolving before his eyes pervades his sketches. 'Civilization means wastepaper'—it is with swift phrases like these that Mr. Moorehead traps his readers. And now, we hear, sixty-two Canadian bears have died to provide ugly, unhealthy and archaic head-dresses for the Brigade of Guards.

The Siege at Peking.

By Peter Fleming. Hart-Davis. 25s.

This book describes the siege of the legations in Peking during the Boxer insurrection in 1900. Many accounts were written soon afterwards by eye-witnesses, official and other. Mr. Fleming weaves this material, some of it unpublished, into a coherent whole, providing for the first time a balanced story of what happened.

It has a natural plot. The legations of Russia, Germany, Britain, Holland, America, Japan, France, Austria, Spain, and Italy, located inside the walls of the Tartar City of Peking, were besieged for fifty-five days by Chinese regular troops in conjunction with Boxer insurgents, and were saved by an expeditionary force of 20,000 men, half of them Japanese and the other half composed chiefly of Russians, British, and Americans, who marched in from the international settlement by the coast near Tientsin, eighty miles away. The plot's suspense is well provided by the tardy arrival of the relieving troops, a very agitating suspense, because if they had arrived too late the hundreds of men, women and children living in the legations would probably have been massacred.

Though in its broad outline of a siege and a relief the story is quite simple, it is difficult to tell clearly for several reasons. One reason is the great number of people involved—the personnel of the ten legations, the several commanders of the relief expedition, the members of the Chinese government—and because of the conflicting views held within these three groups. Another reason is the difficulty in making clear the precise relationship between the imperial government and the Boxers.

Mr. Peter Fleming's talents are well suited to piecing together such diverse elements and presenting them in a lucid manner. *The Siege of Peking* is an exciting book, excellent reading from start to finish. The author knows how to etch in a character in a telling phrase or two. None of the actors of the drama excite our admiration, but we get to know them. Never was there such a muddle. None of the ministers foresaw that the legations would be attacked and had taken no precautions to lay in arms and ammunition and send in good time for reinforcements from Tientsin. It seemed impossible to believe that the Chinese government would

do such a senseless thing. Nothing was to be gained and everything lost by killing the representatives of all the powers.

In addressing himself to the problem of why the Chinese acted as they did, Mr. Fleming points out that, though there was no regular *casus belli*, the Chinese masses were apprehensive that their country was in process of being dismembered and parcelled out among the powers. The Boxer insurgents embodied this fear. Their cure for the foreign danger was simple and drastic. All foreign residents should be killed. The Empress Dowager, the *de facto* ruler, had always believed that China's salvation lay in closing the country against western influences. She authorized the Boxer attack on the legations and supported it with regular troops. But some of her Council thought her policy suicidal and prevented the attack from being pressed. Hence the length of the siege and its failure, and the half-hearted resistance to the relieving force as it advanced.

Mr. Fleming's most interesting point is that, though all reason and sense were against the Empress Dowager, her defiance of the powers had in the long run an advantageous result. The trend towards the partition of China was halted. The occupation of Peking by the allied powers, instead of hastening a partition, revealed that such a policy was neither feasible nor sound.

MAURICE COLLIS

Northcliffe. By Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth. Cassell. 42s.

The most scornful critic of Northcliffe must give him credit for having, throughout life, been passionately loyal to his family. In poverty the Harmsworths were united—and money did not divide them. The high-spirited, contrasted brood of children, watched over by a much-loved mother, benefited from the rising fortunes of the most gifted one among them without turning jealous or resentful. On the contrary, they stood together under his protective shadow—as much a clan in Edwardian or Georgian Mayfair and country houses as they had been in the Victorian suburbs of London and Dublin. Now, thirty-seven years after the death of the founder of the family riches, the Harmsworths have presented us with a full life of him. Happily, they enlisted, in Mr. Pound, a skilled and experienced biographer; for the mass of material to be handled was enormous and piety had decreed that (as the preface states) it should be treated at 'heroic' length.

This is an enormous biography, too detailed to make easy, general reading, but of absorbing interest for anyone curious to know what sort of man was mainly responsible for the popular press in Britain. At times even a keen student of the history of journalism will grow impatient. Lists of names of nonentities are catalogued with the relentless monotony of an Uncle Tom Cobley and all recital. A defensive, propagandist note, out of place in biographical writing, is too often audible. It sounds loudest in the blurb: 'When all is over, Northcliffe will be remembered no longer as a Fleet Street Tycoon

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but as a man of world stature, a man who without official position held such influence and authority as democracy never dreamed of in our time, a figure of history of whom it will be said: "This was a giant of a man".

That, no doubt, is how Northcliffe's warmest admirers would like him to be measured and they have now done their part by chronicling the success story of their giant without hiding his feet of clay. In future, anyone who seeks to understand him and the change that came over the face of our newspapers in the early years of this century must read Mr. Pound's and Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth's *Northcliffe*. But the reader will be disappointed if he hopes to find judgment ready made for him. He is given the facts (or most of them) and left, unless he is a congenital idolater of triumphant careerists, to form his own opinion. It is, not easy. There were so many strands woven into the personality of Alfred Harmsworth who became Lord Northcliffe.

In youth he came under civilized influences; he enjoyed, in spite of financial ups and downs, the priceless boon of devoted Victorian parents. Before he was grown up he had read, not widely by the standards of his contemporaries, but far more than has since become common form. He never forgot this early background, retaining to the end a sound, critical relish for good writing in his newspapers. He could, as a young journalist, write well himself. But—and here the enigmatic side of him begins to emerge—he seems from the first to have had an instinct against expressing himself in his own words. He was an artist in journalism, but as a talent spotter and an inspirer of other men, as an interpreter of latent popular taste and not as an adventurer with his own pen.

Born at a fortunate hour for this peculiar combination of talents, he quickly made a fortune out of the masses who had recently—and compulsorily—been taught to read but who found little to their taste in the existing press. Northcliffe filled this vacuum at such speed that long before middle age he had raised himself more or less beyond the dreams of avarice.

What did he seek after that? Certainly not just more money; to the tragic end he cared for newspapers, good according to his lights and not—as most of his successors in the mass exploitation line have done—merely for profitable newspapers. The artist in him was always the dominant partner in his make up. But when it came to the sober sides of life, to religion, home politics, and world affairs, the artist was out of his depth and, in bewilderment, let the showman (all along an influential partner) get the better of him.

He saw that politicians were often muddlers, cowards, or liars. He longed to use the power that, through the printed word, he wielded, for putting a new spirit into these unsatisfactory rulers and men of action. He longed to be (at his own price) one of them. But he lacked a coherent philosophy and—a dictator too young—he could not serve. Gloriously generous to those he liked, capable of charming the suspicious by his high spirits and fitful sense of humour, equally (when the black mood was on him) given to bullying, to extravagance of egoism and to fits of uncontrollable depression, he was among the most neurotic of power lovers—quite unfit for the team-work of a cabinet.

How far physical disability, deep seated and

going back into childhood, was at the bottom of his caprices is not clear. But the evidence on health, amply given in this biography, is well worth study. The authors should have been as ample in their treatment of his domestic life, for failure to have legitimate children evidently had its effect on the career of so strong a family man. But that is the only serious omission in this life story of a man who 'learnt to play the piano without bothering to read music', who, in his own words, 'somehow knew just what people wanted to read'. That knowledge, hidden from the editorial wisecracks of the late Victorian age, enabled him to pack a wonderful lot of experience into less than sixty years.

'A Fleet Street Tycoon'?—no, that is unkind. 'A giant of a man'?—well, why not the truth—a Kipps who made good in Fleet Street?

A. P. RYAN

New Poets 1959. Edited by Edwin Muir.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

The three poets whose work is collected in this book for the first time were chosen by the late Edwin Muir, who was highly regarded both as a practitioner and a critic of poetry. He disliked the catchpenny and the fashionable ('doing the unexpected in the expected way', as he neatly put it in his introductory note). None of these poets writes in the tightlipped formal disillusioned manner of the post-Emersonian poets. They offer, as one would expect, a more emotional vision of life, a more subjective response, and a more eclectic descriptive technique. They are inclusive rather than exclusive, and are not afraid of the lyric reach, even if at times it perhaps eludes their grasp.

By the second reading, the three poets begin to sort themselves out from each other (one of the few disadvantages of sharing a volume is that poets who are not really much alike tend to seem so). Karen Gershon, with her shorter lines and her concentrated imagery, often religious, seems to get further away from her work than do Iain Crichton Smith or Christopher Levenson. Impressionistic reportage, which is the principal mode of the other two, interests her less than the image struck from the rock, the passionate symbol: and when she does write about herself it is in terms of elemental identification rather than as an observer.

Hills shall grow
and forests rise
from the sources
of my eyes.

And when she writes a story poem in the manner of a Victorian picture she spots the ideal metre, that of *In Memoriam*. Occasionally, as in 'For Stella', she is derivative (this poem has not only the metre, but verbal echoes of a famous piece of Auden's). But in her sense of the poem as the unifier of creation she is often eloquent.

A garden unfolds under my heart's intermittent tongue.

Knife, the tenuous flowers leap lightly among.

Mr. Crichton Smith is also not without his echoes—his first poem is an admirable compote of Yeats; and some of his work still seems very much at the decorative stage. He has a tendency to overstate: for instance, his 'Seagulls' begins with the familiar protestation that no one has ever yet managed to be truly objective:

These have the true cold avarice beyond
Anything we can say of them or write down

—and then proceeds with three long and rather top-heavy stanzas which do not seem to have much to do with seagulls. He is much better in a piece like 'Statement by a Responsible Spinster', where he has something definite to say, is conscious of this, and consequently finds no need to strain after effect.

Mr. Levenson's group of poems is called 'In Transit'. He feels strongly the restlessness of our age, in which

Exiled ambassadors of their heart's country,
refugees

Carry their futures in one attaché case.

'Autobahn', 'Berlin', 'A Prayer to St. Christopher', 'Past the Last City', are all good examples of *poésie de départ*, controlled urban romanticism. His work, besides being effective, if sometimes familiar, as description, shows a concern for the human condition and a power of moral speculation which makes him perhaps, at present, the most mature of these three poets.

But while the words are shaping
Better to leave the site bare for a while
Than build again too soon and out of keeping:
For who in this age shall found a new style?

That conclusion to 'Regency Slums, Liverpool' is true of more than architecture.

K. W. GRANDSEN

Reflections on Art. Edited by Susanne K.

Langer. Oxford. £2 12s.

This 'source book of writings by artists, critics, and philosophers' might be regarded as an appendix to Mrs. Langer's own distinguished reflections on art. Since the publication of *Philosophy in a New Key* she has been recognized as one of the leading philosophers of art in the world, and the present volume reveals some of the origins of her own philosophical ideas—some, because it contains nothing from the main source, which is Ernst Cassirer, and nothing of her own perceptions. The selection is very personal, and it is not always easy to appreciate the importance of some of the papers, which in general 'deal with the nature of art, and especially the relation of art to actuality, the principles and processes of artistic creation, which involve the relation of the work of art to its materials, and of the artist to the work, to its materials, its motif, and its public; the all-important topic of artistic expression and the traffic of art with human sensibility and emotion'.

All the authors chosen by Mrs. Langer 'either expound or tacitly assume two basic concepts: the concept of expressiveness . . . and the concept of "semblance", which defines the work of art as a wholly created appearance, the Art Symbol'. But there is one essay which has long cried out for availability, an essay on 'Art and Feeling' by Otto Baensch which appeared in a German periodical thirty-six years ago. Though Baensch seems to owe some of his ideas to Conrad Fiedler (1841-95), a philosopher of art always inexplicably neglected by Mrs. Langer, his theory is basically the same as Mrs. Langer's, and indeed the only adequate theory to be found anywhere. His own clear summary of it may perhaps be quoted:

I hope to prove that art, like science, is a mental activity whereby we bring certain contents of the world into the realm of objectively valid cognition; and that, furthermore, it is the particular office of art to do this with the world's emotional content. According to this

view, therefore, the function of art is not to give the percipient any kind of pleasure, however noble, but to acquaint him with something which he has not known before. Art, just like science, aims primarily to be 'understood'. Whether that understanding which art transmits then pleases the feeling percipient, whether it leaves him indifferent or elicits repugnance, is of no significance to art as pure art. But since that of which it makes us aware is always of an emotive character, it normally calls forth, more or less peremptorily, a reaction of pleasure or displeasure in the perceiving subject. This explains quite readily how the erroneous opinion has arisen that the percipient's delight and assent are the criteria of art.

The thirty pages in which this theory is developed are an intellectual delight.

The volume contains several other important essays not hitherto easily accessible, among which may be mentioned Étienne Souriau on 'Time in the Plastic Arts', Basil de Selincourt on 'Music and Duration', Raymond Bayer on 'The Essence of Rhythm' and Helmut Reinold on 'The Problem of Musical Hearing'. Apart from an unimportant item on Whitman, all the selections belong to the present century. The excellent translations are anonymous. Most readers would have been grateful for some biographical details of the contributors, if only the date of their birth.

HERBERT READ

Contraband Cargoes. Seven Centuries of Smuggling. By Neville Williams. Longmans. 25s.

Smuggling is as old as the customs system, whose origins run back to the late thirteenth century. At first, the government contented itself with collecting customs duties at the chief ports, thus leaving the lesser havens open to 'free trade', but even in the fourteenth century the merchants were bribing the underpaid officials to wink at their misdeeds. The poet Chaucer was a customs official at London for a dozen years, and appears in the records as the recipient in 1376 of a reward for seizing a smuggled cargo: no doubt this was an action especially appreciated by the government since—then as now—smuggling was not regarded as a heinous crime, if one at all. Juries even in this early epoch were adamant in refusing to convict for it. The Venetian republic in the fifteenth century regularly allotted money with which the admiral of its northbound galleys might bribe the English customs officials.

But it was in the reign of the first Elizabeth that smuggling first took on the semblance of a vast conspiracy. The dominating figure of the epoch was Mr. Customer Smyth of London, who began as collector of tonnage and poundage there and had already raked in a fortune before he turned customs farmer in an even more profitable entente with the Crown. To the west, there were adventurous traffickers and pirates—Hakluyt, Killigrew, Gilbert and other sea-dog names crop up—expert in eluding the payment of duty.

In the seventeenth century, smuggling was stimulated by the steady rise in customs rates into something like a regular profession, and 'the entire population of various coastal areas of England and Wales now made a livelihood out of' it. The new commodities of tobacco, tea, and brandy joined wool, cloth, and corn in an ever more elaborately organized illicit traffic:

for example, the *Royal James*, arriving in the Thames from India in 1633 with a cargo of exotic wares that included silks, spices and calicoes worth £60,000, was taxed on a mere hundredth part of its freight. No doubt the London customs officials had been efficiently squared.

But it was in the eighteenth century that smuggling reached its fantastic climax, with armed gangs manning the beaches to beat off the revenue collectors while the precious cargoes from the continent were landed. It was smugglers who, by running cheap tea, made the English a nation of tea-drinkers: even Parson Woodforde drank smuggled tea. Neither governmental enquiries nor the use of troops availed to deal with the situation; only the dismantling of the high and complex tariff could make an end of the smuggler. This was begun by the younger Pitt and completed in the age of Gladstone. A 'new morality' now suffused the British at home, and the smuggler withdrew to the purveying of opium, slaves, arms, and diamonds in less happy regions of the world.

All this, and much more, is clearly and dextrously recounted in Mr. Williams's admirable book. It will fascinate the general reader who confronts the customs officer when taking his holiday abroad, and who likes a note of realism in his history. But it has also a message for the more serious student, who may well meditate on the shortcomings of all administrative devices for combating the inexhaustible ingenuity of the trading community. Some may regret that Mr. Williams has seen fit to suppress his detailed references to sources; but there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the thousand and one surprising facts he discloses.

G. D. RAMSAY

The Collected Correspondence and London Notebooks of Joseph Haydn. Edited by H. C. Robbins Landon. Barrie and Rockliff. £3 3s.

Haydn was a sketchy correspondent and a poor letter writer. To him the letter was not a vehicle for intimate communication as it was for Mozart but a means of getting a job jobbed. He would write when he had to do so to his prince, to get a little more humanity into that man's system and soften his dealings with his Kapellmeister and with Haydn's fellow musicians (the three Esterhazy princes come remarkably poorly out of this, with their haughty, despotic taint) and he would write to his publishers to try to get a good price for his wares, to explain how it came that he sometimes dealt with one publisher while pretending to be bound to another (there is a fine piece of such naughtiness in the letter to Artaria on page 91) and to discover if possible who was pirating his music.

All his letters, no matter what the subject, have the tone of business documents, even those to his women friends such as Maria von Genzinger, or Luigia Polzelli (these are a shade warmer), or the intriguing Nanette Peyer, Count Apponyi's (or presumably the Countess's) chamber maid whom he 'hopes to embrace soon' and (the real gist of the note) will she see that her master sends his carriage to fetch Haydn. One asks oneself why this book is so much worth reading, where-in lies its fascination. The secret lies in the honesty and goodness, the integrity and courage

of the man himself, qualities that shine through his plain words and give these letters and the four short London diaries a value beyond their circumstantial interest. For Haydn's courageous behaviour to his social superiors there is the letter (page 141) to the Elector of Cologne sending compositions by the young Beethoven and asking for an increase in the allowance paid by the Elector to 'my dear pupil'. The magnificent Elector replies in a snappy snarl, and so the three men fit into posterity's perspective, the great Haydn, the brilliant young Beethoven, and the minute, pompous Prince of the Church.

The editor of this volume is careful to make it clear that this is not a complete edition; he mentions the recent discovery of a fresh cache in the Esterhazy archives, so that we may expect more. This volume begins with the year 1765 when Haydn was already well over thirty. There is still a chance that some fortunate explorer will unearth letters from his youthful years and thus complete, as far as will ever be possible in the case of so indifferent a correspondent, the self-portrait of a genius.

SCOTT GODDARD

The Most Beautiful Desert of All By Philippe Diolé. Cape. 18s.

For M. Diolé, who has a place all his own among the now numerous chroniclers of underwater excursions, the Sahara is equally fertile. In fact his love of the desert, and his first journeys there, preceded his discovery of a submarine world which anyone could visit (he has insisted) without much difficulty or danger. This has some significance, for the correspondences between the 'unbounded empty distances' of water and sand and their therapeutic possibilities in the age of anxiety are perhaps pressed a little far. The journeys of M. Diolé—by camel through desolate Algerian *wadis* near the Libyan border to the oasis of Djanet and thence over the crag-strewn Tamrit plateau, and by jeep along ancient tracks in the Fezzan—are an idiosyncratic prescription for the soul. What matters is the book that sensibility and observation make of it. It is subjective, and highly charged at that, setting the translator a task which Miss Katherine Woods manages very well. But it is also extremely vivid in description—the sun-ruled days, the emptiness filled with detail, the heightened significance of a sound or a colour or a human encounter, the turn in a rocky valley that means discovery.

In the Sahara the traces of antiquity and of prehistory, which drew this traveller, are for the reader also especially haunting, so that one shares uncritically in the speculations for which M. Diolé, after fully studying the specialists, does not disdain the assistance of intuition. On the Algerian side the finds of rock-paintings include tropical and semi-aquatic fauna. Across the Fezzan run lines of communication that were used by horse-chariots long before the introduction of the camel. In the archaeological controversies about the mysterious Garamantes of Herodotus the author turns us continually to a picture of Saharan civilizations not isolated but existing in their own right. Yet in the midst of the desert the Mediterranean is never far from his mind: One realizes again from this strangely captivating book that for a Frenchman, Gide or Camus or Diolé, North Africa is not so much exotic as complementary.

FRANCIS WATSON



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Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Personalities

'PERSONALITY', as Samuel Johnson so nearly said, 'is the last refuge of a scoundrel'. In one's sourer moments at any rate, one is inclined to believe that television uses the word simply to cover an entire lack of any other talent whatever. That is not fair, of course: a man with a fine talent for battles or necropolises may well be a perfectly genuine 'television personality' in addition. All the same there are certainly far too many performers about who imagine that all that can possibly be required of them is to be,

was the round-eyed receptive audience of ladies taking the whole thing perfectly seriously. Well, at twenty-five guineas a go they well might. But seriously, it seemed to me that anyone who could swallow this should be reckoned as below the age of intellectual consent and be protected (as children are protected from horror-comics) accordingly.

Still on the search for 'personality', I inspected 'A Dog's Chance' on Wednesday, to see them choose 'The Personality Dog of the Day'. I thought this might give me some sort of a line on the human equivalent. It did: dogs were awarded a maximum of twenty points—twelve points for conformation and eight for trainability. I need draw no moral. Incidentally

adopt a personality not his own. Each of the two anonymous interviewees had been driven to invent a fake personality for himself which had led him in the end into comparatively serious crime. Their life-histories, as told by themselves, were peculiarly moving; and the whole programme, which faced the fact of the crimes fairly and squarely, not condoning but seeking first to understand and then to cure, was a striking exercise in practical ethics as now administered by the consultant psychiatrist. On the other hand the glossing over of the subject's crime, the pretending it simply had not happened, rather marred Sunday's 'Meeting Point', about which I hope to speak next week, when I have seen the second half of it.

HILARY CORKE



'A Dog's Chance' on June 17: two entrants in the inter-regional competition to establish television's top team of dogs—an English springer (left) and a miniature poodle

more firmly than ever, their rather ghastly selves. It is not so much a weakness of the medium as a perverted strength: television presents personality, in the deeper sense, so faithfully and fascinatingly that it is only too natural that this peculiar power should be cynically exploited.

It may work in the other direction, of course. 'Panorama' began by discussing the threatened printing strike and neither of the spokesmen, for employers or employees, seemed—at any rate for the duration of the programme—to have any personality at all. Neither seemed to show any awareness of what either Chris Chataway or the other was saying to him. Each droned on about 'matter of principle' and 'unanswerable case' in a hard little world of his own. When Mr. Chataway asked 'But won't all this hit the customer rather hard?', both of them instantly equated 'the customer' with the publisher, the buyer of newsprint. It struck neither of them, nor could they be made to see, that it might mean you and me. One learned nothing from this item except that we had all better look out for ourselves (which one knew before).

But in the next item, 'personality' was back with a vengeance in the shape of a personality-developing course for women. The developer-in-chief explained how to 'discover Woman's hidnabilities' and 'develop a personality that shall be truly rounded'. At any rate we had ocular demonstration that she had achieved the last for herself. Then there was a personality-girl apparently with special rubber muscles built into her cheeks so that the moment she ceased speaking her mouth automatically snapped back into a tremendous fangy smile familiar from early toothpaste advertisements. It was fabulous: and, all too unintentionally, gave me my best loud rude laugh for weeks. What was less funny



the dog-judge, Stanley Dangerfield, was much to be complimented on the extreme clarity of his explanations of what he was doing and why he was marking this dog up, this dog down. About his actual criteria one could be more doubtful. 'This breed should have rather small square eyes'. Why? This is a department of aesthetics that I feel unable to follow. The animals of Chipperfield's Circus (Tuesday) provided the strongest of contrasts. Nobody gave a damn if their eyes were square or round or spiral: but my goodness, were they clever!

For me the week's best programme was Thursday's 'Lifeline' (the last of the present series), which was concerned with a very real problem of personality—the problem of the man or woman driven by a sense of inadequacy to



Children watching an impromptu performance by members of Chipperfield's Circus on June 16, given on the quayside before they embarked for Ireland

Photographs: John Cura

DRAMA

New and Old

NO ONE, I THINK, would quarrel with Mr. Ivor Brown's statement last week that in television drama there must be 'a good deal of routine entertainment whose justification is the capability with which it is maintained'. Television is indeed a most notorious glutton, and cannot always be fed on delicacies. Even so, it does pretty well. There is far less makeweight material than one would expect, and comparisons with other branches of the entertainment industry are certainly not to its disadvantage. In the West End, for instance, there have been no openings at all this week: television, in the week under review, presented a most arresting new play, a studio opera, and a production of Jonson's *Volpone*. Only one play fell into the category of 'routine entertainment'.

The new play was Jack Pulman's *All You Young Lovers*, a title calculated neither to draw an audience nor give a clue to its subject; love occupied only a marginal position in this drama of adolescence in search of identity. Young Harvey Green has been hanging about at home for a couple of months vainly trying to get a job as a reporter, and cutting himself off from his sister and father who want to propel him into a bank. The situation is familiar, but it is handled with an extraordinary command of class background and adolescent behaviour. Harvey's dilemma is that of the working-class boy whose roots have been severed by the G.C.E.; isolated from his family and with no foothold elsewhere he holds on to his precarious independence by means of aggressiveness and secrecy.

This is not a play with only one character of importance: the blinkered, well-meaning father, the faded sister, and the affectionate little blonde next door are all finely drawn. But they are presented through the boy's eyes. At first he sees their lives as a long, infinitely tiring staircase up which they are resignedly plodding, and, appalled at the prospect of joining them, he lashes out indiscriminately. As the play develops they are split into two camps: the boy's fight for survival grows into an onslaught on material values, represented by his father and hard-bitten prospective step-mother ('It's like shaking hands with a prosperous jellyfish'); while a brief affair with the girl next door gives him an ally from the class he has almost left behind.

The scene in which these two come together is an idyll of the type common in popular fiction; but I have never seen it handled with greater tact. Stuart Burge's production allowed



John Charlesworth as Harvey Green and Susan Burnet as Connie Bayliss in *All You Young Lovers* on June 21

the scene all the time in the world, and Susan Burnet and John Charlesworth, symbolically separated by an iron railing, exchanged the halting exploratory dialogue with a degree of quiet truthfulness that is rare even on the medium that encourages that quality.

Anyone who chooses to write in the idiom of Mr. Pulman's play has television on his side. This thought seems to have occurred to Guy Halahan and Joe Mendoza, for in *The Spur of the Moment* they make determined attempts to introduce naturalism into opera. Happily their attempts were intermittent for the work was at its weakest whenever it presented a couple of blazered cronies spinning tall stories to a barmaid ('Ooo, you're having me on') with the orchestra in the background apologizing for its intrusion. Mr. Mendoza's libretto is witty, and I feel that Mr. Halahan may have been too much aware of this for his score was inclined to act as a double to the text and even to point its jokes.

It gave much better service when it ran ironically against the words, forcing staid characters of decidedly unoperatic appearance into formal ensembles, and setting such a line as 'There's something wrong with that poor girl's finger nails; they were an extraordinary colour' to elaborate recitative. The plot, which concerns the materialization of an eccentric octogenarian poetess to the embarrassment of two young men who invented her, gives ample scope for fantastic comedy; and the opera exploits this without ever descending into whimsicality. Miss Jennifer Vyvyan sang the part of the aged lady with a command of vocal characterization that varied from Gingsoldian tremolo to a harsh imperious bark. Her outraged cry of 'Pickles!', on being informed what a country hotel had to offer lingers almost as resonantly as does the legendary explosion of Dame Edith Evans's handbag.

Sir Donald Wolfitt's Volpone is one of the great performances of our generation, and before last week's production it was pleasant to think that several million people were about to have

two hours of wonderful entertainment. The performance blazed with its old magnificence, consuming the sonorously intricate verse with an almost physical relish: this actor is, after all, our master of rhetoric. The mountebank scene inevitably suffered. As Scoto, Volpone needs to come directly to grips with the audience, and the scene has to be given music-hall treatment. (I remember one performance just after the war when Sir Donald Wolfitt delivered Scoto's line, 'Let me tell you', in the style of Mr. Lovejoy of the Happidrome). But the remainder of the production streaked to its target with faultless aim, leaving an echo of the staccato Wolfittian cackle and the howl of the mortified fox.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Orient Explored

THE DRAMA DEPARTMENT enjoyed a rest last week and nearly all the productions were recorded 'repeats'. The original lustre of M. Jules Supervielle's *Sheherazade* (June 17, Third),



Scene from *On the Spur of the Moment*, an opera specially written for television by Guy Halahan, on June 17: standing by the piano is John Ford as Norman Huntley; at the harp, Jennifer Vyvyan as Constance Hargreaves; third from right, Francis Loring as Henry Beddow

adapted and produced by Mr. R. D. Smith, remained untarnished at a third hearing; Mr. Samuel Beckett's *All That Fall* (June 18, Third) seemed as tedious as I had thought it to be when it was first performed in 1957; a second hearing of Miss Manning's *The Voice of Shem* (June 20, Third) made me recognize Mr. Cyril Cusack's virtuosity as Shem, and Mr. Jacques Duval's *The Bells of St. Macaire* (June 20, Home) (to which I had to turn from Shem) seemed patchy in spite of Miss Cynthia Pughe's efforts at adaptation.

This last piece caught up a young couple in

La Rochelle in a plot which depended for its success on a belief in the reincarnation of two aristocrats, who were lovers, from the time of the Revolution. The couple were Mr. Richard Bebb, a young radio officer, and Miss Geraldine McEwan, a girl engaged by force to a singularly unpleasant customs officer (Mr. Nicholas Amer). Their love fulfils the prophecies of an Abbé of 1793 who has said the lovers (aristos) would be joined together when the bells of St. Macaire rang out once more. The bells do indeed ring because they have been returned to their bellry after their church has been reconstructed since the war. If one did not believe in the suggestion that the lovers had been reincarnated the story was meaningless. If one did believe, the outcome was inevitable and all belief in tension was lost. In spite of the efforts of Miss Pughe and Mr. Charles Lefeaux as producer the piece remained improbable.

Herr Gunter Eich's *The Hundredth Name of Allah* (June 19, Third), which I missed on its first performance, was no less full of improbabilities but its suggestion of fantasy and parable disarmed. It told with a light wit the story of a devout Moslem Egyptian who is saved from a mass family poisoning by the Prophet. The Prophet speaks to him at moments of crisis and finally helps him set up an enormous fish business with his wife. The wealth thus obtained enables him to study his faith intellectually, and he sets out with the aid of a staff of translators to discover the hundredth name of Allah.

Though he learns the ninety-nine names the hundredth eludes him. When he is in despair the Prophet speaks to him again and suggests that the name will be discovered in Paris. He goes to Paris where the Prophet plays with him and involves him in a series of incidents which are blasphemous and, in his view, quite ridiculous. He loses his wallet to a prostitute, is made to buy a pair of green shoes, and ends his spell in Paris eating a fabulous meal with an elderly lady. Mystified and penniless he returns home to find that the Prophet has been advising his wife in such a way that their business is bankrupt. The Prophet has,



Volpone on June 16, with (left to right) Sir Donald Wolfitt as Volpone, John Wynyard as Mosca, Esmond Knight as Corvino, and Jane Griffiths as Celia

CRICKET THE YEAR ROUND



A newspaper is as
good as the people
who write for it

CRICKET IS MORE THAN A GAME, it's an institution. Since rules were first set down in a Hampshire village, over two centuries ago, it has accumulated a vast body of fact, legend and lore. Something in the character of the game—an odd blend of the formal and the spontaneous—seems to act as a stimulant to good writing. In the past newspapers have produced some notable cricket correspondents. Among those who are at work today, none turns in a more consistently good column than the News Chronicle's Crawford White. He was a member of the Lancashire minor counties championship winning side of 1934. And since joining the News Chronicle in 1946 he has covered cricket around the world, from one Test series to another. In February, 1948, when he was covering the M.C.C.'s visit to British Guiana, he had the unique distinction of being asked to stand by to play for the English team. When he is not abroad White is most likely to be found watching league and county matches at home. Life for him is, in fact, one long summer,

punctuated by global plane journeys.

A distinguishing feature of his writing is his non-partisan attitude towards the game. He does not think it any part of a cricket correspondent's job to be either a scandalmonger or the public mouthpiece of a cricketing clique. When he writes a story he believes it; and he makes you believe it, too. Crawford White's objectivity and independence are well known to millions who have never read his written reports in the News Chronicle. Cricket fans, huddled round their radio sets on dark December mornings, have heard his voice crackling through the static with news of triumph or tragedy in Australia. On television, too, he has talked coolly and constructively about the game he loves. Reading his reports, listening (if you're fortunate enough to meet him personally) to his sunny, first-hand reminiscences of cricket's glorious moments, you understand how it is that this game, so often said to be in its death-throes, can still provide ample subject matter for endless argument, discussion and pleasure.

News Chronicle

however, let fall the hint that the hundredth name is to be found in a recognition of reality. It is not to be found without humility and it cannot be found in books.

The story was beautifully produced by Mr. Christopher Holme, and the cast, which included Mr. Cyril Cusack, Miss Barbara Assoon, Miss Denise Bryer, Mr. Brian Wilde, and Mr. Derek Birch, created some sharp and delightful characterization. The piece, which was translated by Miss Martina Mayne, was valuable because it increased the range of our imagination.

Though the Germans have their inhibitions too, they do not suffer from the kind of inhibition which limits most British writers who attempt to transfer their imagination to the world of the Orient. Though Marlowe, before Empire began, ran amok in the East, most British writers have been forced like Mr. E. M. Forster to see it from the beleaguered compound. Kipling looked at India but not into it, and Doughty and Lawrence (T. E.) became so much a part of the East that they almost ceased to be British. Writers in other European countries have, it seems, obtained a greater understanding of the Eastern mind and are therefore able, like Herr Eich or M. Supervielle, to write about it with more intelligence.

Sheherazade and *The Hundredth Name of Allah* present powerful arguments for the translation of more radio works produced in Europe. Indiscriminate translation should not of course be recommended. The decision to translate ought to rest on the question whether the range of the national imagination is likely to be extended by the foreign work. There is nothing particularly French or German about the two plays mentioned above but they are valuable because they throw light in a direction that cannot be enlightened by writers in our own language. We, for the present, seem turned inwards, and the field of our imagination is curiously limited by our historical experience overseas. We have been forced to pretend that 'natives' do not think, and we now need people like Herr Eich to tell us that they do.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Seclusion and Invasion

'THOU MUST RENOUNCE the love of thy family, the smell of the woods and the sea. . . Do not be afraid of the darkness which must slowly consume thee'. A novice is being welcomed into the total claustration, the almost total silence of the Carmelite Order of St. Teresa. She is once again being warned of the nature of the dedication she has undertaken as a willing 'prisoner of God, and pupil of death'. A singularly privileged—and unsparing—picture of one of the strictest of the closed orders was given last week in Sergio Zavoli's 'Seclusion' (*Clausura*) (June 15, Third), an Italian documentary which won last year's Italia Prize, and was presented in a scrupulous reproduction by Christopher Sykes, with the words translated by Thomas Sterling.

There was an odd mixture of timorousness and fortitude in the tones of all the nuns who spoke—a feeling of a nerve suddenly exposed, and of acute doubt as to whether they ought to speak at all to anyone from a world they had so utterly renounced. And if I speak of this programme as if it were the original, I think anyone who heard it would agree that Flora Robson and all those taking part must have studied the tone and feeling of the original recorded voices until they achieved not so much perfect mimicry as a complete emotional identification with their parts. Hugh Burden, as the interviewing reporter whose intrusion was only

just tolerated, had mastered a rather less difficult task with the same degree of tact and reticence.

'If the seed die not . . . ' was the text in the minds of all these Carmelites, their vocation being to die into life and live into death: eating their daily minimum with a skull placed at the centre of the refectory table. The one other outside event, in living memory, that had impinged on this way of life was a bombing in 1943. And what had struck them most, in their flight through the world of today, from one shelter to another? One sister, immured for forty-two years, had been amazed at the short skirts, the motor-cars. Another had been haunted by the 'worry' and 'annoyance' in all the faces. Worry might well be at large, in 1943, in Italy as elsewhere. What other connexion was there between this closed community and the community of people in general, without which it would not exist? Perhaps the shades of St. Teresa, St. Jerome, and Mr. Gibbon are arguing that out among themselves.

In 'Dawn of D-Day' we were given the furthest opposite extreme of the same picture, the same world. This was a collection of first-hand experiences, by those who were the living spearhead of the Normandy invasion in 1944. There was a minimum of boost about this programme, and no generalizations at all. On a reduced and sharpened scale, it kept to the plan of David Howarth's book on which it was based. And it was clear that for all those taking part the force of the experience came back with the re-telling of it. We were given the oddities, the physical shocks of reality, as against the map-reading strategy that had planned it. 'I saw a cow in a field chewing the cud, and I thought, "It must be deaf!"' A detail like that, noted and remembered in the hell of noise, is just what a Tolstoy would have used, because it carries so much of human truth. For more than one of the speakers, the final verdict on that day was: 'I felt I'd grown up a lot in a few hours'. Well they might.

With 'Three Painters on Painting', were we in another closed community? There was nothing either withdrawn or secretive about it. But there was a fascinating contrast between the generalizations and contra-distinctions of the critic, David Sylvester, who introduced the painters, and the very real, if half-articulate, gropings of the painters themselves. 'For Alan Davie', said Mr. Sylvester, 'painting is a process of exploration, not an attempt to communicate'. But how can a painting be other than a process of exploration, and how can it not be an attempt to communicate?

The sense of compulsion, the sense of physically wielding something, of struggling with the unknown until it is there, was strong in all three painters, from Peter Lanyon, who directs himself at miles of swooping space in a single canvas, to William Scott, who concentrates on frying-pans. What perhaps struck me most about this discussion was the sense of the acute importance of the pace at which painting is done, and how this dictates the nature of the product. The pace can vary from the stage of literally throwing on paint to one of waiting, perhaps for days, to make the single, final stroke. But this is just as true of writing. There is a tremendous difference between, say, the congested speed of a Shakespeare soliloquy, and the slow, crystallizing constriction of a Mallarmé sonnet.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

On June 17, a sister for Kundry

'PARSIFAL' FROM COVENT GARDEN (June 16, Third) had orchestral playing that recalled a miraculous evening when Weingartner deputized for some thrilling conductor whose name now

escapes me and who was considered indispensable but fortunately was ill. Kempe's direction had the same quality—Weingartner's not the ill thrill—of splendid musicianship, and so that notable score flushed once again with the simulacrum of youthful passion. The transformation scene was a marvel of exquisite sound, the saccharine ending a lovely wedding cake for the knights to mumble. And there was Gerda Lammers as Kundry, singing so perfectly as to make the character the greatest of that evening.

The memory of it remained throughout the next twenty-four hours, powerful enough to cast its spell over Purcell's *King Arthur*, the next night, when the spirit of Philidel, 'evil against her will', appeared as the Kundry to Dryden's 'British Worthy', playing the same old game of serving two masters and of course turning up trumps. Purcell gives her one of his fairest songs and Dryden mercifully some of his better lines. The Festival Hall performance displayed untarnished the beauty of Purcell's music, a glory of sound and a subtlety of invention that makes all the more incredible Dryden's lapses into doggerel; banalities such as 'In spite of cold weather, He brought us together'—'Honour prizing, Death despizing, Fame acquiring By expiring', than which even Wagner concocted nothing neater. But, as ever, Purcell takes it all in his stride, and by some private magic as great as Merlin's makes it palatable through the sheer power of his art. 'Come if you dare', sung by Alexander Young with an appealing freshness and vigour, a similar delicate strength in 'How blest are the shepherds', the clear piping of recorders in 'Shepherd, shepherd, May invites you', those were but a few among many memorable things in this performance.

The broadcasts of the six string quartets by Béla Bartók have been an experience worth the closest attention. To have them displayed in chronological order, so that we might be enabled to watch the development of Bartók's thought—the stages in his voyage of discovery of life, of music, and above all of the string quartet as an expressive medium—was an opportunity to which we looked forward eagerly. How foolish to expect things to turn out rightly. A Chichele lecture at Oxford loomed unexpectedly over the horizon and that was allowed to noble Third Programme (surely it should have been Home Service or Light Programme) time. Thus Bartók number two was dropped and had to take its chance after number six. So does political expediency bedevil our poor lives and stifle our attempts to improve our poor minds. As it turned out Bartók number two, though robbed of its right place in the scheme, was given one of the best performances (by the Fine Arts Quartet) of the whole series, all of which was well played. But this particular work was powerfully displayed and became instantly impressive. At the end of number six I was left wondering afresh at the inventiveness in Bartók, wondering also why he stopped then and there, writing no more string quartets during all the five years that lay ahead. They were grim years of exile and enveloping grief. Yet they might have provided the intense spiritual experience that this medium of four strings could have expressed most perfectly and completely.

As a foretaste of the Aldeburgh Festival the studio concert last week was effective publicity. Hans Werner Henze's *Chamber Music 1958* (the most attractive of his works in my experience) sounded well; but without a score as guide it had to fight against much incomprehension; not the kind of music to take in at one hearing. The same with Matyas Seiber's *Three Fragments from A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; it, too, a work that demands preparation by a listener. Peter Pears's singing

of the first work (the words by Hölderlin) and his narration of James Joyce helped; but much still remains of each work to discover. Coming between these recondite matters, Malcolm Arnold's *Guitar Concerto* (Julian Bream, soloist, with the Melos Ensemble, all admirable) was a simple proposition; instant contact there.

Alun Hoddinott's *Nocturne and Dance*, a B.B.C. commission heard for the first time in last Saturday's Light Music Festival, is designed in two linked movements. The basis is subtle harp music (the work seems to have been composed with Osian Ellis in view and it was he who played the solo part admirably that

night) with an encircling orchestral texture that is translucent (the harp shines through effortlessly) and beautifully firm. The temperature of this new work is pleasantly cool, the manner slightly aloof, the writing very intelligent, and the whole is a gain to our best light music.

SCOTT GODDARD

Cherubini and the Opera

By WINTON DEAN

Medea will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, June 30



WE ARE APT to see Cherubini, through the eyes of Berlioz, as an old-fashioned and embittered pedant obstructing the path of his more gifted juniors. The later Cherubini, director of the Paris Conservatoire, is not an attractive or exciting figure, though his church and chamber music is of more than academic interest. But before Berlioz was born Cherubini had pursued a career in the opera house which influenced the whole subsequent history of the form, especially in France, and left its mark on such idiosyncratic works as *Fidelio* and *Les Troyens*.

French opera of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period is unfamiliar to us, largely because it produced no master of the first rank. But it had a very distinctive character. Its basis was the style of Gluck, whose dramatic realism (apart from his musical merits) naturally appealed to a society preoccupied with realism of another kind. The Revolution brought several new elements into the opera house: subjects from contemporary life, a strong ethical flavour, and a yearning for grandiosity and spectacle. Méhul, to whom Cherubini dedicated *Medea*, dreamed of a festival opera to be sung by the entire population of Paris. The ideal libretto combined the heroic, the contemporary, and the politically edifying, much as in modern Russia; it is perhaps no accident that neither revolution proved fertile in masterpieces.

Specifically French Tradition

Cherubini had written a dozen operas for Italy and London, where he spent two years, before settling in Paris in 1786. It may seem odd that an itinerant Italian should have come to occupy the place he did; but this was often the way with French opera, which from Lully's time for nearly two centuries flourished most vigorously when some exotic cutting was grafted on to the native stock. It was not merely that Lully, Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, Meyerbeer, Rossini and others lived and worked in Paris; they constituted a specifically French tradition, which put in the shade the local product grown on its own roots, as Berlioz had cause to know. Its qualities were not so much sensuous, like later French opera, as statuesque and monumental. It is significant that, apart from Rossini, who flowered for only a season or two after transplantation, the migrant Italians—and we can add the half-Italianate Meyerbeer—were all deficient in that most Italian quality, a distinctive fund of vocal melody. No wonder the solo voice lost ground at the expense of the ensemble, the chorus, the orchestra and the scenery.

Cherubini is an important link in this chain. The spectacular catastrophes of romantic opera seem to have originated with him (though Gluck's *Armide* is perhaps a more distant ancestor): *Lodoiska* (1791) ends with a con-

flagration, *Elisa* (1794) with an Alpine avalanche. The early impact of Gluck may have weakened the native Italian in his style, which can be cold as a marble tomb; but this was clearly a matter of temperament too. Few opera composers have so completely eschewed the sensuous, and this is all the more striking since his orchestration is both full and potent. He has less colour and far less lyrical power than Gluck, but a stronger feeling for musical architecture. The composer he most frequently recalls is Beethoven. This is partly a matter of period, partly of temperament, and partly of influence. In addition to the social idealism of their age, they share a fundamentally serious attitude even to lighter subjects. *Les deux Journées* (1800) and *Fidelio* (first version 1805) have a great many features in common: their theme ('rescue opera'), its source in an actual event, the combination of an ethical tone with a realism we can still recognize as such (political police, passport inspections—compare *The Consul*), the *Singspiel* form with its spoken dialogue, and the same librettist.

Beethoven's musical idiom too owed something to Cherubini, and especially to his method (originating perhaps as a makeweight for lack of melodic invention) of developing short thematic motives in a close-knit texture. This is particularly evident in his overtures: that of *Les deux Journées* is, in a sense Beethoven would have understood, the most 'dramatic' part of the opera, and several of the others, including that of *Medea*, might at a glance be mistaken for Beethoven. The restless energy of Cherubini's music, the rhythmic asseveration, varied by pathetic pauses, many features of the scoring, and the abrupt and turbulent dynamic contrasts (his scores are full of *sfp* marks) take us into the world of Beethoven's symphonies.

Les deux Journées remains a period-piece because Cherubini, apart from his more limited genius, was not fired by his subject as Beethoven was in *Fidelio*. Both the musical substance and the characterization lack creative heat. This cannot be said of *Medea* (1797), at any rate of its central figure. It may be that, in returning to the classical arena of Gluck, Cherubini found relief from contemporary pressures (though the violence of the story suited the age). There can be no doubt that the subject gripped him as perhaps no other ever did. In this opera at least he showed dramatic powers of a high order, and his strict control of the medium, which is apt elsewhere to throttle the creative impulse, serves by contrast to enhance the cumulative tension of the story and its pervading aura of menace.

The interest is concentrated on Medea herself. While she is offstage, as at the beginning of the opera, the music is conventional; the airs for Dirce (Glauce) in Act I and Neris in Act II have old-fashioned obbligatos for flute and bassoon. Although Medea's soliloquies in Act

III, when she wrestles with her emotions before killing her children, are very impressive, the finest music occurs in the ensembles, orchestral movements and duets, especially those for Medea with Creon and Jason in Act II. These are real action pieces, in which the orchestra develops the psychological implications by means of harmonic tension and the obsessive working of agitated string figures, in a manner half way between Gluck and Wagner.

The Second and Third Acts both have highly dramatic orchestral preludes and well built finales. The introduction to Act III—a double storm, in the heavens and in Medea's heart—is in some respects, including the imaginative use of the piccolo, more advanced in style than the storm in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. At the end of Act II Jason's marriage to Dirce is celebrated in a temple with prettily decorous music for chorus and wind-band, while Medea rails in the foreground accompanied by jagged outbursts from a small group of strings. In the original score she breaks from spoken dialogue into recitative as her jealous fury increases; but the plan of this scene (as of others) suffers in modern revivals, which habitually replace the original dialogue with recitatives composed by Franz Lachner in 1854. The spectacular finale of Act III, with the temple consumed by flames as Medea, after murdering her children, is carried off by the Furies, was probably the model for the Temple of Vesta scene in *Les Troyens*. It forms a more agreeable link between the two composers than that supplied by Berlioz's *Memoirs*.

Water Tap

There was this hayfield,
You remember, pale gold
If it weren't hazed
With a million clover heads.

A rope of water
Frayed down—the bucket
Hoisted up a plate
Of flashing light.

The thin road screwed
Into hills; all ended
Journeys were somewhere,
But far, far.

You laughed, by the fence;
And everything that was
Hoisting water
Suddenly spilled over.

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Bridge Forum

Two Club Openings in the C.A.B. System

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE INITIALS C. A. B. represent three main features of this bidding system: Two Clubs, Ace responses, and Blackwood. Opening Two Club bids are made on hands which can be reasonably certain to make a game with no help from partner. It is at all times game-forcing, unlike Acol, where the bidding can be dropped after the one sequence 2 C—2 D—2 N.T. Its other difference is that no minimum requirement of honour tricks is needed.

- ♠ A K J 9
- ♥ None
- ♦ K 7
- ♣ A K J 10 8 6 5

In last week's article this was presented as an awkward hand for the Acol; it falls short of the five honour tricks required for a Two Club opening, but because there are too many disadvantages to an opening bid of One there is no better alternative. If the spade and club suits were reversed an Acol player might open Two Spades. The C. A. B. practitioner would open Two Clubs on the above pattern and content because the hand fulfils the main requirement of offering, by itself, a strong enough play for game.

The more important points of difference are in the responses to the bid of Two Clubs. As we saw last week, the Acol System, with the exception of the artificial weakness response,

attempts to make the bid which reflects the character of the hand. The C. A. B. makes the first duty of the responder the location of key cards. With one ace, irrespective of the shape of his hand, he bids that ace at the lowest level, unless it be the ace of diamonds, in which case he responds Three Diamonds. With two aces he responds Three No Trumps and with three aces, Four No Trumps. A response of Two No Trumps shows a minimum of eight points, including at least two kings; a long suit not headed by the ace can be shown on a subsequent round of bidding and a five card suit headed by the ace must be rebid, since the initial response promised no length in the suit. On all other holdings the negative response of Two Diamonds is used.

Consider our four examples of responding hands from last week's article:

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| (1) ♠ K 10 7 3 | (3) ♠ Q J 3 2 |
| ♥ J 5 | ♥ 5 2 |
| ♦ K J 6 5 2 | ♦ K J 7 4 |
| ♣ 7 2 | ♣ Q 10 9 |
| (2) ♠ J 10 5 | (4) ♠ 6 4 |
| ♥ K 7 6 | ♥ A K Q J 6 2 |
| ♦ 10 7 3 | ♦ 8 5 2 |
| ♣ A J 5 2 | ♣ 7 6 |

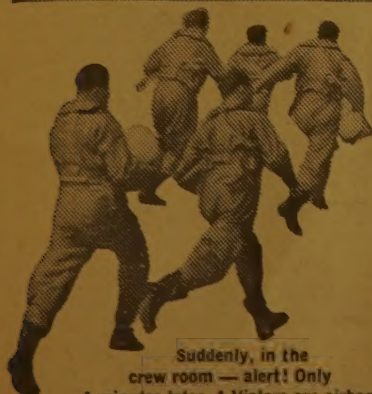
On (1) a negative response of Two Diamonds was recommended at Acol, although the point was made that had the spade and diamond suits been reversed a bid of Two Spades would

have been justified. At C. A. B. the issue is a simple one: the response of Two No Trumps shows eight points and two kings. (2) was best described at Acol by a response of Two No Trumps, showing about that general strength and a balanced distribution. The C. A. B. response would be Three Clubs, telling one thing only about the hand for the moment, the presence of the ace of clubs. There are many situations in which the early information about controls can best leave the partnership free to investigate safely. (3) had the high card content to warrant a response of Two No Trumps at Acol, but because of the Heart weakness a response of Two Diamonds would be better judged. C. A. B. also responds Two Diamonds, Two No Trumps being ruled out because the eight points contain only one king. (4) is completely described at Acol by the immediate response of Three Hearts. C. A. B. can give a similar picture but has to lose one round of bidding, since the first response would be the conventional one of Two Hearts: a jump to Four Hearts on the second round would show a solid suit. It is, however, possible, though not recorded, that some of its followers have pursued the logical course of having a jump to Three Spades or Three Hearts over the opening bid of Two Clubs, to describe a solid suit just as it does in Acol: it would put to good use an otherwise apparently idle bid.

Next week's article will discuss C. A. B. and Blackwood.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

Salad Days



MANY PEOPLE think that making a tomato salad consists of quartering a few tomatoes, and tossing them into a bowl. May I suggest another way—one equally good served as an accompanying salad or as a first course on its own. First, skin your tomatoes, which is made easy by plunging them into boiling water for a few seconds and then plunging them into cold. Slice the tomatoes and place in layers in a dish. Sprinkle each layer with salt, a little sugar, coarse broken black peppers and chopped chives. Complete four layers in this manner and then sprinkle liberally with oil and less liberally with wine vinegar. Leave for half an hour, and then carefully turn the salad over. Leave another half hour and serve.

Avocado pears are delicious but also extremely expensive. Here is a way to make a large one do for four people. Take a large ripe avocado and cut it in two. Take out the stone and scoop out all the flesh with a spoon. Cut the flesh into small dice and use this to fill four crisp, curly, chilled, heart-of-lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and dress with a French dressing made with lemon juice instead of vinegar, or a mayonnaise, or sour cream, or cream cheese. Whatever you do it will be delicious as an *hors d'œuvre* or accompanying cold meat, poultry, or fish. You can make the avocado go further by using the same amount of not-too-sweet melon with it. Do not use honeydew, or you will spoil the flavour.

Here is a simple salad of my own devising, that I call salad Ilona. Unfortunately it has a short season, because it contains strawberries. Slice equal quantities of large strawberries and cucumber and mix them in a dish. Sprinkle with

white wine vinegar and chill. Salt and pepper may be added if you like them. This goes well with cold meat, poultry and, particularly, fish.

HAROLD WILSHAW

Strawberries à la Cardinal

Take 1 lb. of ripe, but firm, strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of raspberries, $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of icing sugar, and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Clean, but do not wash, the strawberries, and cool them in the refrigerator (or round ice in a bowl) for about 40 minutes. Mash the raspberries with the icing sugar, and then put them through a sieve. Add the lemon juice, and put in a cool place until the sugar has melted. Place the whole strawberries in an ice-cold dish or bowl and glaze by pouring over the raspberry juice. Sprinkle with thinly sliced almonds. This dish not only tastes good but looks pretty.

MARIE-JEANNE

Lamb with Bacon

A method of cooking half a shoulder of lamb with bacon is to cut the meat off the shoulder in fairly small pieces and push them on to skewers, alternating with rolls of back bacon. Squeeze a little lemon juice on them, brush with melted butter and grill for about 10 to 15 minutes. Take the skewers out and serve the meat and bacon between long bread rolls spread with butter and French mustard.

LOUISE DAVIES

Rhubarb and Ginger Jam

For this preserve you will need:

- $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rhubarb
- 2 oz. of crystallized ginger
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of preserving sugar

Wash the rhubarb and cut it into one-inch pieces, and cut the ginger into very tiny pieces. Then place rhubarb and ginger in layers with the sugar in a large bowl. Cover with a plate or paper, and leave for 24 hours to draw the juice. Next day, put in a preserving pan, bring slowly to the boil, boil briskly for half an hour, then pot and cover in the usual way. No water whatsoever is used, as the sugar makes its own liquid with the rhubarb, and you do not even have to test this jam for setting. You should have a delicious, soft, yellowy-gold preserve.

MOLLY WEIR

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 1095): economic editor of *The Observer*; author of *British Economic Policy Since the War*

KARL MILLER (page 1099): literary editor of *The Spectator*

WALTER JAMES (page 1101): editor of *The Times Educational Supplement* and *Technology*

LEONARD WOOLF (page 1103): literary editor, *Political Quarterly* (joint editor, 1931-58); author of *Principia Politica*; (with James Strachey) *Letters of Virginia Woolf* and *Lytton Strachey*, etc.

MARIE BOAS (page 1106): Associate Professor of the History of Science in the University of California, Los Angeles; author of *Robert Boyle and Seventeenth Century Chemistry*

O. R. FRISCH, F.R.S. (page 1108): Jacksonian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Cambridge University; author of *Meet the Atoms*

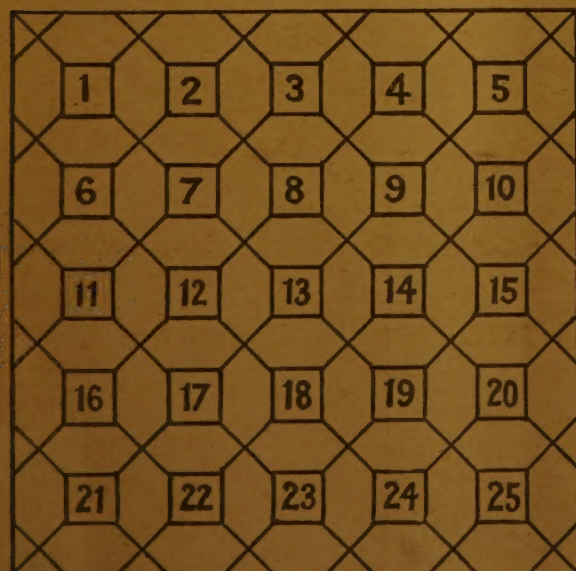
Crossword No. 1,517.

De Mortuis.

By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The solution comprises twenty-five linked words of four letters each these being arranged clockwise round the appropriate numeral. Lights 3, 8, 18, 23 and 11 to 15 are all the surnames of famous people clued, but not in that order, by quotations from opinions expressed by other famous people. Remaining lights are clued normally in groups of four, but as clues are not given in numerical order each group constitutes a miniature jig-saw. Unlinked external letters can be arranged to form the words: Trudi takes mail at Hove.

CLUES

(a) 'He clearly recognised that philosophy is based on psychology' (Huxley). (b) 'Victor in drama, Victor in Romance, cloudweaver of abysmal hopes and fears' (Tennyson). (c) 'Well sung sweet — in the days of yore, what flight is that which love will not explore' (Pope). (d) '— a book a world of words tall foremost, right, wrong—false, true—and foul and fair' (Shelley). (e) 'Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage, like Cato firm, like Aristides just' (Thomson). (f) 'He soothed with gifts and greeted with a smile, the simple native of the new found isle' (Cowper). (g) 'Every room in which — is sung is transformed into a church' (Mendelssohn). (h) 'Prejudged by foes determined not to spare, an old weak man for vengeance thrown aside' (Wordsworth). (i) 'Had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom and limbs very fragile to sustain it' (Leigh Hunt).

Group 1, 2, 6, 7:

- (a) Hypothetical power held to explain animal magnetism.
- (b) A Danish composer by jove.
- (c) Put up affair in the 'noble art.'
- (d) Scholarship holder of paper size.

Group 4, 5, 9, 10:

- (a) Volcano goddess found in a lot of leopards.
- (b) Monkey adopted by British novelist.
- (c) Funk being poor-spirited or fastidious.
- (d) Get the measure of a madhead.

Group 16, 17, 21, 22:

- (a) Given by Jupiter to Minerva as a protection.
- (b) Fish in the sloop ahead.
- (c) A calendula over the border.
- (d) Prince Henry's drinking pal was a shark in disguise

Group 19, 20, 24, 25:

- (a) Rolling-stock bird!
- (b) Useful salt, the end of one element or start of another.
- (c) The little pig who 'stayed at home'—what a pet!
- (d) Search diligently for a bonny nag.

Solution of No. 1,515

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o
T	H	E	E	A	R	S	L	I	K	E	G	R		
R	T	N	E	X	O	K	C	A	L	B	T	A	E	
E	A	D	T	H	E	W	O	R	L	D	A	N	D	
N	A	M	S	D	R	E	H	E	H	T	D	O	G	
G	O	A	D	S	T	H	E	M	O	N	B	E	H	
E	K	O	R	B	M	A	I	O	N	A	D	N	I	
N	B	Y	T	H	E	I	R	P	A	S	S	I	N	
E	T	N	U	O	C	E	H	T	T	E	E	F	G	
S	S	C	A	T	H	L	E	E	N	W	I	L	L	
S	T	A	E	Y	R	E	L	T	U	B	M	A	I	

NOTE

The years like great black oxen tread the world, And God the herdsman goads them on behind, And I am broken by their passing feet.—The Countess Cathleen, William Butler Yeats.

1st prize: F. H. Thomas (Birkenhead); 2nd prize: G. H. Baker (London, S.W.1); 3rd prize: Mrs. D. M. Lee (Wigan)

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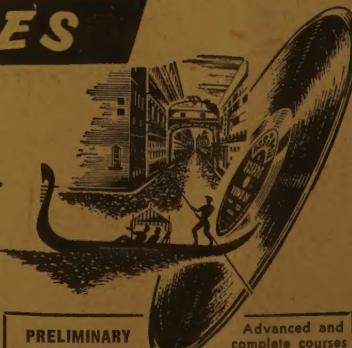
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